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NOVEMBER 14, 1980

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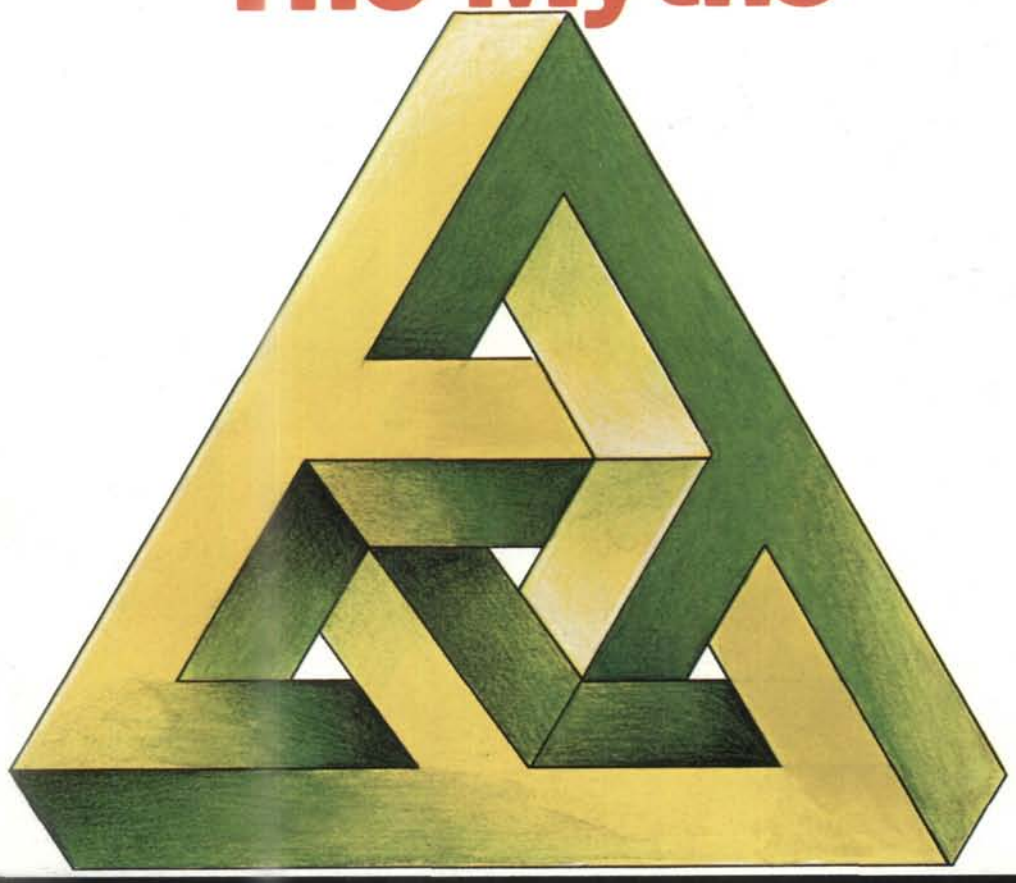
NATIONAL REVIEW

The Myths



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Of Sexual and Racial Discrimination

GEORGE GILDER

Cold War in a Hot Country: The Grenadian Revolution

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ADAM B. ULAM ON SOLZHENITSYN & PODHORETZ ♦ WM. F. BUCKLEY
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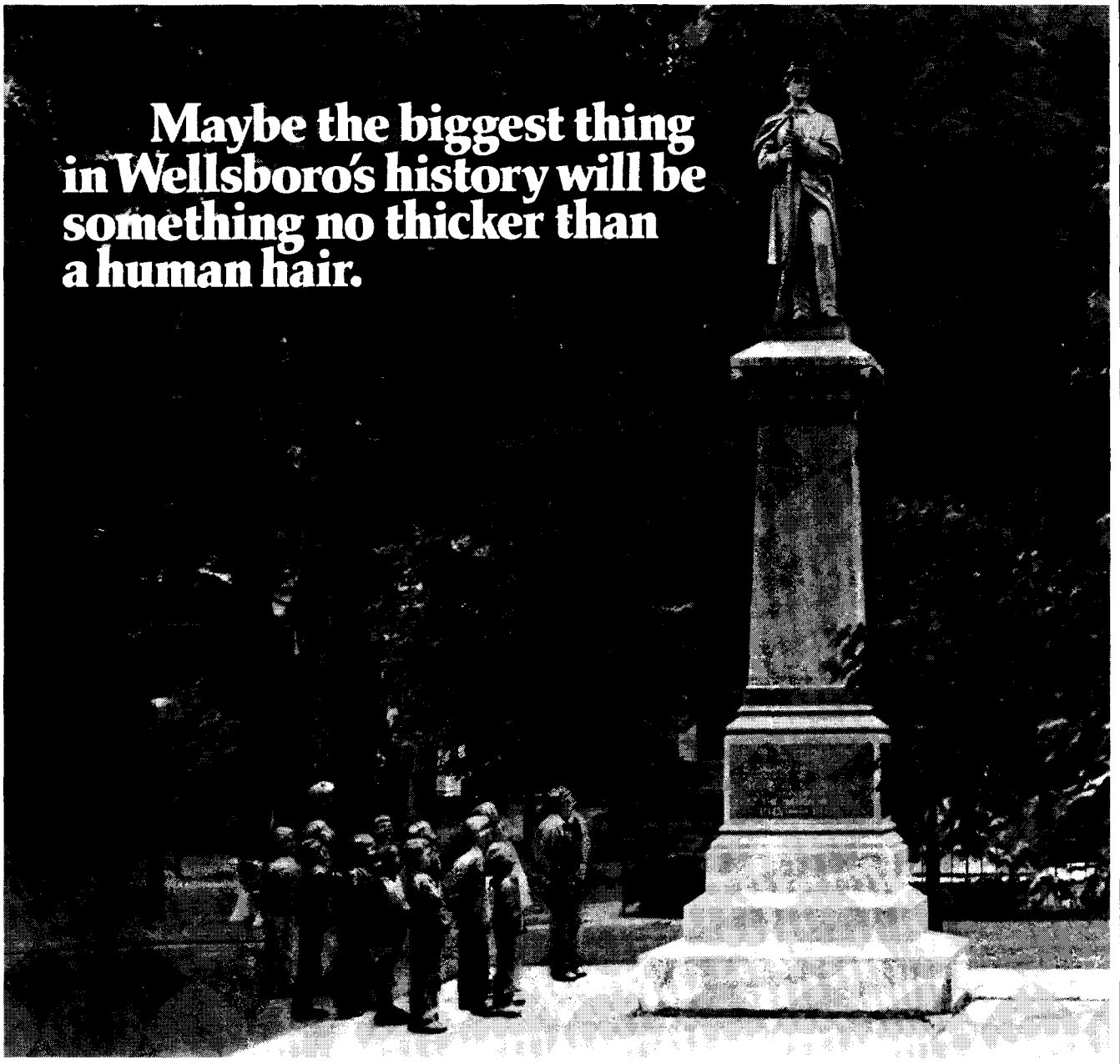

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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Discrimination is all but dead. Yet many people fail to see this, and many others actually can't bear to face it. The state has its own interest in perpetuating liberal stereotypes—even though government antidiscrimination programs hurt the supposed beneficiaries. The standing presumption that all employers tend to hire on racial and sexual preferences has already had serious distortive effect on the American economy as a whole. *George Gilder*

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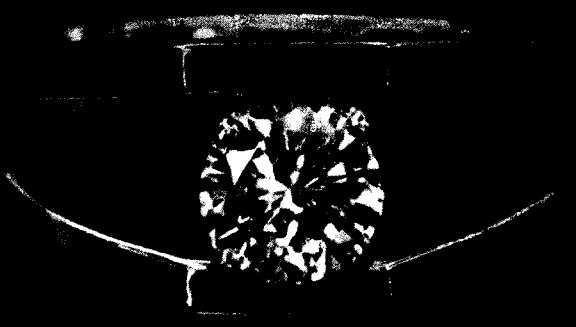

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Letters

JR's Envy

George Byram Lake's article on Mexico ["Down Mexico Way: The Road to Serfdom," Oct. 31] is a real eye-opener, even to a hardened Texan. It ought to be required reading for anyone who still thinks there is some kind of natural enmity between socialism and corruption. At least in Texas a dead man is permitted only one vote.

Raymond O'Neill
Houston, Tex.

Empire on the Left

Arnold Beichman's excellent review [Oct. 17] of Richard J. Barnet's recent book mentions the widely discussed article by Rael Jean Isaac, "The Institute for Policy Studies: Empire on the Left." This penetrating critique of the radical-leftist Institute co-founded by Barnet was originally published in *Midstream*; excerpts were subsequently carried in *Barron's*.

Readers of NATIONAL REVIEW will be happy to learn that, because of the intense interest created by the article, the full essay has been published as a pamphlet, *America the Enemy: Profile of a Revolutionary Think-Tank*, available for $1 from the Ethics and Public Policy Center, 1211 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Ernest W. Lefever
President
Ethics and Public Policy Center
Washington, D.C.

Great Right Hope

I give a Big Gold Star to Neal B. Freeman for his "Current Wisdom" on the shape of a Reagan Administration [Sept. 19].

He is a most lucid writer—and I do enjoy reading his contributions. His ideas fill me with hope for our country.

Ida Richards
Los Angeles, Calif.

Self and Other Sacrifices

While not a scholar, I too have read every word of Solzhenitsyn's that has been published in English, and I was disappointed to see Mr. Joseph Rehyansky ["The Noblest Man," Aug. 8] fall into the same pattern as the liberal reviewers. Every review I have read of *The Oak and the Calf* has followed the theme that Solzhenitsyn is indeed a hero but personally a louse. As a result the central theme of the book, the struggle against the "implacable nature" of Communism, becomes secondary to a critique of Solzhenitsyn's personality.

I expect such an approach from hostile critics such as George Feifer, who has admitted that he believes Solzhenitsyn has a messianic character which is worse than Communism. Mr. Rehyansky seems to feel that Solzhenitsyn's willingness to sacrifice his family is evidence of such a fanatical zeal as to make him suspect as a humane person.

I believe this is a futile effort in critical indulgence. We cannot second-guess Solzhenitsyn's motives or character. What we can do is take his actions and written words at face value. The picture we are left with is that of a man who is willing to sacrifice his own life and, yes, the lives of his family, as well as personal friendships, for the sake of a cause which is greater. We are often confronted with conflicting allegiances, and it seems petty for us to criticize Solzhenitsyn's choice, especially since his fiercely defiant attitude is exactly what saved his family from certain destruction.

Owen Jones
Coconut Grove, Fla.

What Kind of Man Reads NR?

Barbershops that will give one *Playboy* to read do not, as a rule, cut hair in the style of barbershops that will give one *Fortune* to read. *NR*'s newest reader, Mr. Herbert Tarr ["Letters," Sept. 5], has discovered a barbershop that will give him *NR* to read. What kind of haircut does he receive there?

Dick Solomon
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Teacher's Lament

I can easily agree with Mr. Kirk's point ["Escaping the Teachers' Clutch," Sept. 5] that parents should be free to choose the best educational facilities for their children, but I do not understand why he finds it necessary to make such negative sweeping generalizations about teachers' motives in bargaining for fair salaries, benefits, and working conditions. Are we all to be lumped together as a group of money- or power-hungry incompetents? Why should teachers be the first to sacrifice themselves to the forces of inflation? We already face the many, many students whose parents have yearly found tremendous relief from September through June by dumping their child-rearing responsibilities on their local school system.

Consider too the lack of effective discipline in such homes as well as the powerlessness of the American judicial system to handle the overflow of juvenile offenders. Also remember that since Americans are able to control taxation to some degree by voting down school levies, classes

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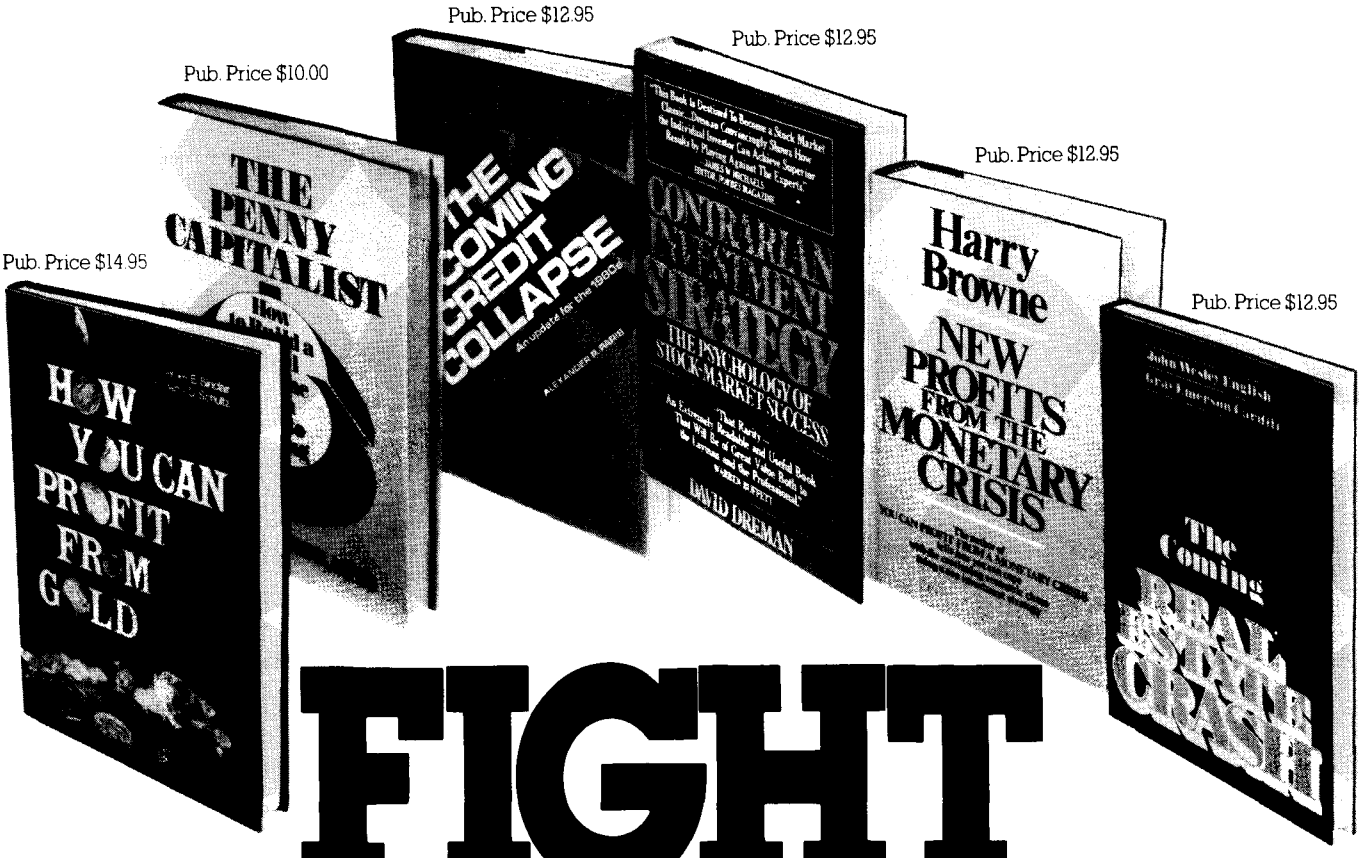

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are frequently overcrowded, and books and facilities must often be shared—all because of a lack of the funds that might make individual attention and quality education probable instead of just possible. And how many teachers has Mr. Kirk spoken with who had no desire to give a "decent schooling" to their students? If we teachers have become cynical with time, it is probably because of the frustration of dealing with irresponsible critics who have no first-hand concept of the difficulties of teaching in America today.

Emily Fuhrman
West Chester, Ohio

The Red Man's Burden

One quotation that might be added to Norman B. Hannah's excellent list [in "Moscow's Outward Thrust," Sept. 5] is the following from Rudyard Kipling's story "The Man Who Was": 1897—Dirkovich, Cossack officer: "'The Czar! Posh! —I snap my fingers at him. Do I believe him? No! But the Slav who has done nothing, *him* I believe. Seventy—how much—millions that have done nothing—not one thing. Napoleon was an episode. Hear you, old peoples, we have done nothing in the world—out here. All our work is to do: and it shall be done . . . Yes, but I will come again. My friends, is that road shut?' He pointed to where the North Star burned over the Khyber Pass."

Thomas H. Jukes
Berkeley, Calif.

Out of Season

Mr. David Brudnoy, in his not particularly thoughtful article "Comstock Lives" [Oct. 3], quotes H. L. Mencken thus: "No moral man—that is, moral in the YMCA sense—has ever painted a picture worth looking at, or written a symphony worth hearing, and it is highly improbable that the thing has ever been done by a virtuous woman."

But Mencken was writing, in 1919, about prohibitionists and persons opposed to almost any mention whatever of sexual matters. The cultural circumstances of 1980 are remarkably dissimilar. It is preposterous to present these remarks as justification for allowing such a cultural pustule as *Caligula* to suppurate unimpeded. This is like using a criticism of pacifism to justify sadistic brutality; and that anyone living in present-day Cambridge, Massachusetts should warn us against excessive morality and restraint is merely grotesque: "He preaches, indeed, both in season and out of season; for he rails at Popery when the land is almost lost in Presbytery; and would cry Fire! Fire! in Noah's flood." *Butler's Remains.*

Moreover, Mencken was wrong to associate genius with profligacy. The truth is that the discipline necessary to the fulfillment of genius is likely to be applied as well to the daily situations of an artist's life. It is poetasters and pretenders like Allen Ginsberg or Jackson Pollock who are incontinent. Real artists, visionaries, and thinkers from Thomas Aquinas and Dante, on to Johnson and Hawthorne and Melville, to C. S. Lewis, Solzhenitsyn, and Hoffer are not notable for adultery and insobriety, and yet, or therefore, composed books more worthy of reading than Mencken's.

Nor is Mencken's apparent assertion that no women but sluts and whores are competent to compose fine literature at all accurate, as our authoresses from Mrs. Bradstreet to Emily Dickinson to Flannery O'Connor have shown.

Wesley Fultz
Boston, Mass.

Beating the Game

Neal Freeman's column concerning Reagan and Tooey Spaatz ["The Current Wisdom," Sept. 19] is a good one, but runs aground at the usual point—the idea that Reagan can, somehow, in his early official acts, include an order to reduce federal employment by 10 per cent, or any other arbitrary figure.

Tooey Spaatz or any other military person could tell why it can't be done. The bureaucracy has a built-in defense mechanism against any cuts at all; it is most highly developed in the Army, but is well known elsewhere. We call it the Old Army Game.

It works like this. The order comes down: cut 10 per cent from your roster. Now, this could be done, in the average Army unit, with the greatest ease; just eliminate the dozens of buck privates who have nothing better to do than pick up cigarette butts on the parade ground, tend the flower beds around the headquarters building, or apply the umpteenth coat of paint to the flagpole. But they don't do that, of course. Instead, they pick the most essential, important, and combat-ready part of their unit, and shriek, This is what we have to eliminate—your 10 per cent cut will cripple us! It works all the way up to the Pentagon, of course. Rather than eliminate the garrison at some Western fort originally built to fight Indians, they will cut out some vital part of the ICBM program for "lack of funds."

Now, if General Reagan will only show that he has heard of this game, and knows all about it, by issuing an order that all cuts must be made from the bottom up, it may be made to stick. But strangely enough, even President Eisenhower, an old Army man of sorts, didn't seem to know this game or, in any case, did nothing to show he knew of it.

John S. Carroll
Emlenton, Pa.

Closer to the Truth

Perhaps NATIONAL REVIEW exaggerates a bit when it describes Jimmy Carter as just

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another liberal Democrat, but that is surely closer to the truth than William Rusher's characterization of Carter as some sort of middle-of-the-roader ["Stop Caricaturing Carter," Sept. 19]. Rusher is confusing rhetoric with substance.

A balanced budget? Yes, Wee Jimmy talks of one constantly, but look at his record. He has pushed two major tax increases through Congress (Social Security and the Windfall Profits Tax) and has fought to retain the unlegislated tax increases caused by inflation. He has spent the proceeds of all of them, and has still managed to run enormous deficits at the top of a business expansion. What more could an orthodox liberal have done?

Priority for defense over domestic giveaway programs? Carter met with the NATO allies and promised a 3 per cent real increase in defense spending. He then made good on the pledge not by increasing the budget for the subsequent year, but by reducing the spending in the current year, so that the previously budgeted amount for the subsequent year became 3 per cent higher than the newly reduced level of the current year. What more could an orthodox liberal have done?

Where Carter differs from the traditional liberals is that he is more expedient (or realistic). He recognizes that liberal policies aren't popular, so he cloaks them in conservative rhetoric. Further, when his liberal politics clash with the real world (as they frequently do; William Buckley has often pointed out that conservatism is the politics of reality), Carter accedes to reality. Hence, the apparent indecisiveness, vacillation, and inability to lead.

So, I agree with William Rusher that Carter has made concessions to conservatism, but I believe those concessions are primarily rhetorical, not real. By philosophy and impulse, Wee Jimmy is a liberal. He differs from the orthodox liberals mainly in being cleverer than they about disguising what he is doing.

Benjamin S. Neuhausen
Rye, N.Y.

Government Out; Prayer In

In asking for prayer education in the public schools, Michael Novak [Oct. 17] says that prayer belongs to neither state nor church. But before we decide where prayer belongs in the educational program, perhaps we ought to reconsider where education itself belongs: with the state or with the church.

The state must be concerned mainly with people's actions, with laws that compel or forbid certain acts. Education, on the other hand, in addition to imparting factual knowledge, must be concerned with people's minds and souls, their ideas and aspirations—their prayers. There is a much greater affinity between education and religion than there is between education and government. Both education and religion require freedom for their fullest expression; and therefore both belong on the freedom side of the wall of separation.

To get religion and prayer back into the schools, we must first get government out of the schools. This can be done by simply changing the alignment, taking education away from the state side, the compulsory side, and placing it on the freedom side of the wall of separation. The wall itself remains intact, perhaps even higher and stronger than before.

Philomene Di Giacomo
Staten Island, N.Y.

Outshining Columbia

NATIONAL REVIEW has frequently lamented the triviality of current American college education and its rejection of the tradition of thought, most recently in Jeffrey Hart's "The Mission of a University" [Oct. 3]. Mr. Hart points to the Humanities program of Columbia University as an admirable alternative to the dilettantism and glorified vocational training dominant in today's colleges—and no doubt Columbia's program is admirable. Yet neither Mr. Hart nor, so far as I can remember, any writer in your pages in recent years (with the exception of a brief mention in Russell Kirk's column) has seen fit to name the most comprehensive, rigorous, and exciting liberal arts program in existence: that of St. John's College in Annapolis and Santa Fe.

The St. John's program, now over thirty years old, is founded on the conviction that a liberal arts college can free the soul only if both school and soul are dedicated to the loving search for the truth and the good through conversation about the greatest books of the greatest men. More conservative, therefore more radical, than programs like Columbia's, the St. John's program rejects the very term "humanities" used by Columbia, going back to before the modern philosophers' split of the "humanities" and the "sciences" to their union in the seven liberal arts of trivium and quadrivium. All students must take four years of seminar, language tutorial, math tutorial, and laboratory.

St. John's College does not seek to train its students or indulge their passions, but tries merely to enable them to begin to learn to be good citizens and good men. This is certainly the best education in America, and those of us who have attended St. John's have been helped to begin, as Pericles said, "to philosophize with thrift, and love the beautiful without softness."

Douglas K. Mayer
New York, N.Y.

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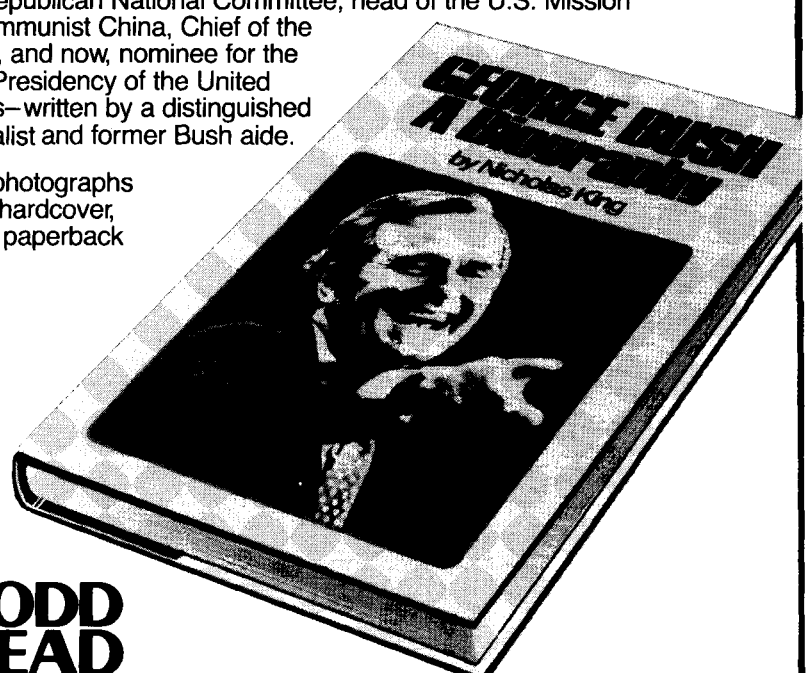

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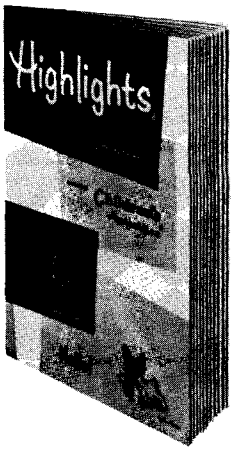

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FOR THE RECORD

■ First prize for journalistic enterprise to *New York Post* for its coverage of The Debate. It signed up the debating teams and coaches of **Columbia**, **Princeton**, and **Yale** to rate **Carter** and **Reagan** performance in five categories—organization, strength of documentation, validity of argument, strength of rebuttal, effectiveness of communication. Results: Columbia: Reagan 17, Carter 13; Princeton: Reagan 17, Carter 14; Yale: Reagan 20, Carter 15. . . . The *Post* also assigned its drama critic, **Clive Barnes**, to review The Debate as living theater, and Barnes calls it a win for Reagan—"a debate between Mr. Mean and Mr. Nice." Of Carter, Barnes says: "He has a certain terrier quality to his looks—one imagines he bites strangers and other animals." . . . Among the networks, **ABC** gets the kudos with the listener phone bank, which fielded nearly 700,000 calls in the hour following the debate and gave the decision to Reagan 67 to 33 per cent. . . . ABC-TV News also signed on **Barry Kaufman**, a lie-detector expert, whose instruments indicated Carter often showed signs of "hard stress," an indication a person is lying. Hardest stress when he denied a secret deal was in the making for the **hostages.**

■ Last-minute endorsements: Former Republican Senator **Edward Brooke** of Massachusetts, the only black member of the Senate in recent years, was not a bit shocked at the endorsement of Reagan by black leaders **Ralph David Abernathy**, **Hosea Williams**, and Fayette, Mississippi Mayor **Charles Evers**: "I think," said Brooke, "we should be shocked at black leaders who are endorsing President Carter, particularly after President Carter's record of failed programs and broken promises." . . . According to *U.S. News* Reagan promised Abernathy that if **Thurgood Marshall** should retire from the Supreme Court, he, as President, would name a black lawyer or judge to succeed him. . . . Prominent Democrats for Reagan include: former arms-control negotiator **Paul Nitze** and former **Kennedy** and **Johnson** Cabinet member **Eugene Rostow**. . . . Former Sen. **Eugene McCarthy**, who had, a month earlier, urged his supporters to vote for any third-party candidate—**John Anderson**, **Barry Commoner**, or **Ed Clark**—swung into Reagan's camp in mid-October, lashing out at Carter for his stands on nuclear disarmament and taxes. . . . There was a brouhaha in Israel when former Defense Minister **Ezer Weizman** started traveling on the Carter campaign plane, and endorsed him for the Presidency. In Israel, Prime Minister **Menahem Begin** expressed his "deep regret" over Weizman's "intervention in the American democratic process." . . . Less welcome to the Carter camp was Iranian Foreign Minister **Ghotbzadeh**'s publicly stated preference for Carter over Reagan. . . . Neither is any good, concludes **John McManus** in urging **John Birch** members to sit this election out. Carter he sees "as a second-echelon member" of The Conspiracy, and Reagan, says McManus, must be "a lackey" of The Conspiracy or he wouldn't have gotten the nomination in the first place.

Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"What would he know about it? All he had to deal with were a few little local difficulties."

■ Ain't nobody here but us Chicken Littles, was the word around denuded official Washington the last week in October. Not at their desks were: Agriculture Sec. **Bergland**, Labor Sec. **Marshall**, Commerce Sec. **Klutznick**, Education Sec. **Hufstedler**, Housing Sec. **Landrieu**, Transportation Sec. **Goldschmidt**, ACTION Dir. **Brown**, Inflation czar **Kahn**, OSHA Dir. **Bingham**, Veterans Dir. **Cleland**, EPA Dir. **Costle**. Out fishing, for votes in: Ore., Fla., N.J., Conn., N.Y., Pa., Tex., Ill., Va., Md., Wis., Mo., Miss., Wash.—key states all. . . . For the record, there were ten third parties in the presidential race this year, but only two, John Anderson's national unity movement and Ed Clark's **Libertarians**, were on all fifty ballots. . . . Aside from Anderson, only the Libertarians raised over $1 million—$1.7 million to be exact—of which half came from pocket of Clark running-mate **David Koch**. The others: American Party, Citizens Party, Communist Party, Socialist, Socialist Workers, Workers World, National Statesman, Right to Life. . . . **Kevin Phillips** believes the Libertarian, Anderson breakthrough—getting on the ballot in every state—is significant. He thinks the Libertarians are here to stay, the Commoner and Anderson groups might launch another third party in 1984; there could even, he says, be a New Right offshoot.

■ Flash: On Illinois radio call-in show, the question was put: Would you vote for **Richard Nixon** tomorrow? Answer: Yes, 83 per cent.

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THE WEEK

■ On the hostages: Once upon a time, *we* picked the president of Iran. Now Iran has tried to pick the President of the United States.

■ The difference being, they can't make the right choice for *either* country.

■ Norman Lear, producer of *All in the Family* and all that, has become alarmed by the "Religious [read: Christian] New Right" and has decided to take action. Accordingly, his newest production is "People for the American Way"—*the* American Way being, of course, Lear's Way. The mixture of politics and religion never really alarmed Lear when it consisted of liberal Episcopalians protesting war, racial discrimination, and nuclear power. But when it began to mean Baptists protesting pornography and abortion, his patriotic juices began to flow. Never mind that Archie Bunker was a boob because he believed in "the American Way." Lear wants us to stop snickering: Jerry Falwell is un-American. Maybe there oughta be a law, or at least a House committee to investigate his activities, eh, Norman?

■ Lawrence Klein, University of Pennsylvania economics professor, former member of the Communist Party, economic advisor to Jimmy Carter, and the last of the Keynesian true believers, won the 1980 Nobel Prize in economics for his work on econometric models and their application to economic policy. Klein's model, known as the Wharton model, could always be relied upon to justify a federal budget deficit and, thus, was beloved by liberal politicians in Washington. The run-up in the national debt and the rate of inflation owe something to Klein's reassuring predictions that more government spending is good for the economy. In recent years Klein has been the only proprietor of a large-scale econometric forecasting service to ignore critics who fault the models for omitting crucial supply-side relationships. Michael Evans, followed by Otto Eckstein, broke from the Keynesian ranks, but Klein remained true-blue. In 1978-79 the Wharton model suffered losses of $800,000 per year and was recently sold to Ziff Davis Publication Co.

■ One thing—perhaps the only thing—to be said on behalf of David Barnett is that he had a feel for the market. His reported fee from the KGB in a bargain that involved getting placed in a staff job with one of the intelligence committees on Capitol Hill was $100,000—a creditable sum compared to the $3,000 paid to a CIA junior officer a while back for handing over a stolen super-secret manual on a U.S. space satellite system. Though he tried at both ends of the Capitol, Barnett failed to land a job. He did land in trouble, however, and has pleaded guilty to espionage charges. in a U.S. District Court. His is not the first case to come to light involving Soviet penetration efforts directed at the congressional committee and staff system. Five years ago, one James Sattler—reportedly now working for the East German government—registered as a foreign agent in the nick of time to escape prosecution in a case quite similar to the Barnett instance. FBI vigilance queered the deal both times. The respective job seekers were similarly well supplied with auspicious credentials, including strong letters of recommendation from places of high authority. According to reports going around Washington, for example, Barnett's letters of endorsement included one signed by Vice President Walter Mondale.

■ In this corner you have the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. In that corner, Wallace Edwards, 41, printer. Printer Edwards has been hired by the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa to print magazines for Expo '67 in Montreal. Edwards carries out his part of the contract, and presents a bill to the Embassy for $26,000. So sorry, too bad, so sad, says Mr. Vladimir Grigorevich of the Embassy. We're not going to pay—and don't try to get it, diplomatic immunity and all that, you know, old chap. Exit Grigorevich, back to Moscow, whence he torments Edwards with a Christmas card each year saying, "Peace on Earth." Bad, bad mistake. Edwards is now good and mad. He spends 13 years in and out of courts, but a few weeks ago he's armed with the order he has been waiting for, and a sheriff slaps a warrant on a Soviet freighter which has docked at Montreal. The Soviets can't get their ship back, or its cargo unloaded and sold. Brezhnev capitulates, but Edwards is not about to settle for the origi-

Lists, Slants, & Tilts

A ship may list to starboard;
  Roofs generally slant.
A nation tilts, and when it does
  Its politicians pant.
Lists sometimes lead to sinkings;
  Ice slides down slanting roofs;
And Jimmy's tilting toward Iran's
  Among his biggest goofs.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Reagan won the contest for newspaper endorsements by a surprisingly wide margin. According to a trade survey completed in mid-October, Reagan had picked up 221 daily newspaper endorsements, while Carter had 59 and Anderson trailed with 18. Of the remaining 625 papers surveyed, 24 indicated that they would not be making any endorsement—a growing trend in the increasingly chain-dominated industry—and 303 reported that they had not yet made a decision. This latter group included many of the most important papers in the country, some of which said that they were delaying announcements for maximum impact. In truth, to our personal knowledge, many editors held off because of indecision. Late developments on the debate and hostage issues left both politicians and publishers hanging by their thumbs.

Reagan's best state, not surprisingly, was California (though the giant *Los Angeles Times* refused to pick a favorite), and he was strong in Texas (with 17 endorsements including such powerhouses as the *Dallas News* and the *Houston Chronicle*), Ohio (14 papers including majors in Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Columbus), and Tennessee (where he picked up both papers in Knoxville and the *Chattanooga News-Free Press*).

Carter's best states, in addition to Georgia, were North Carolina, Arkansas, Missouri, and Oklahoma. North Carolina, which has a tradition of lusty and influential newspapering, gave Carter eight endorsements. Missouri gave him the largest-circulation paper on his national list—the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. (Reagan claimed all of the large papers among the early endorsers, including the *New York Post* and the *Philadelphia Bulletin*.)

Anderson's backers were widely scattered independents with a capital I. The largest paper to support him—as of the survey date—was the *Peninsula Times-Tribune* in Palo Alto. The Anderson flagship. Of those papers reporting, Anderson picked up 2.9 per cent. He may well be asking himself, Where were they when I really needed them?

■ As long as the world insists on rediscovering the conservative movement each year, we might as well do it ourselves. The best book on the subject, in a tale told briskly, informatively, and well, is *The Conservative Decade* by James C. Roberts. The subtitle of the slim volume is "Emerging Leaders of the 1980s" and Roberts turns in a quick sketch of scores of youngish figures in the political, academic, and media worlds. (With the conspicuous, and dumfounding, exception of Cato, all of your favorite *NR* stars are sympathetically noted.) Roberts also recalls some of the great moments of conservative rhetoric. Who can forget those headlines from the upstart *Badger Herald* at the trendier-than-thou University of Wisconsin? Atop Mao Tse-tung's obit they bannered, "Tough Commie Bites Dust." Ah, a man could speak his mind in those days.

■ In the Washington suburbs, and elsewhere around the country, major cable operators are bidding spiritedly for the remaining CATV franchises. With technological advance, economic reality, and the regulators at the Federal Communications Commission all conspiring to tilt away from over-the-air broadcasting and toward cable, the license to "wire" a political jurisdiction has become a license to print money. In essence it's a government-enforced monopoly. Such attractive investments tend to attract financial sharks, and the cable waters are full of them. One of the favorite tactics of the multiple systems operators is to trade away a slice of equity to local politicians in return for their assistance in landing the franchise from the governing body, usually a city or county council. In the trade, this tactic is known as "rent-a-citizen." Against this background, it came as a shock to this media-savvy town to notice the name of Ernest Holsendolph among the investors in a firm bidding for the rich Fairfax County franchise in suburban Washington. Holsendolph is the communications correspondent of the *New York Times*.

■ Let's award the last word of the campaign to a distinguished guest columnist. He writes: "How does he do it? Here is an Administration in ruins. Here is a President who has nearly quadrupled the inflation rate at home, has produced the highest interest rates in American history, and now is deliberately steering the nation into a recession; while abroad he has kicked away confidence among friends and foes alike in the sobriety, consistency, and reliability of American foreign policy. Six months ago he was nowhere in the polls . . . Have we turned into a nation of masochists? Has our noble land fallen under some malign curse?" Good questions, Mr. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. (Okay, so he made these comments in April.)

—CATO

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nal, 13-year-old $26,000 debt. He gets that plus $10,000 interest in crisp one-dollar Canadian bills, plus a party to tell the story to the press, which is invited to join him in caviar and vodka, courtesy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, which is left with a sobering thought. If Wallace Edwards, printer (now 54), can do this to the USSR, why can't other creditors in the dirty, capitalist, money-mad Free World?

■ Aleksei Kosygin, that barrel of laughs from the Kremlin, has retired. Poets, painters, and free spirits everywhere regret his passing. Fortunately, his shoes have been filled by another real card, Nikolai Tikhonov, 75, an understudy for Mickey Rooney in *Sugar Babies*.

■ If the Shah had been able to hold onto power and life, Iran would presumably have remained militarily too formidable to offer Iraq an opportunity for launching a war. If the Ayatollah Khomeini had been endowed with enough rationality to discern the folly of provoking unfriendly neighbors even while undermining his own country's defensive strength, perhaps no occasion for war would have emerged. If the deterioration of Iran's military capabilities had proceeded a little further, Iraq might have been vouchsafed the

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sort of rapid victory its ruling establishment expected. But in the event, thanks to the dynamism of battle, Iraq's original limited aims—recovery of formerly Arab-held islands near the Strait of Hormuz and full control on both sides of the Shatt al-Arab—have now been superseded. The Iraqis' new objective is seizure of the Khuzestan sector of Iran—a crucial source of both energy and foodstuffs for Iran. Still further dismemberment of that folly-driven country may be in the cards, and the regime there may be too weak to settle for any terms short of ruination. It is a bleak prospect all around—except for the Soviet Union.

■ Cyril Lang, of Rockville, Maryland, has been threatened with suspension (sans pay) if he doesn't desist from teaching books by Aristotle and Machiavelli, which the school board deems too difficult for high-school students. We sympathize with teachers who want to teach more rather than less, but there's another angle to this one. Mr. Lang is fighting the case on the basis of "academic freedom," "constitutional rights of free expression," and all that. He's got a teachers' union behind him. The teachers' unions—notably the NEA—are the most powerful lobbying force in the country, outmuscling even the AFL-CIO. The Lang case is a straw in the wind: these babies are after power, including full professional status with a minimum of accountability to the communities that hire them. As Stephen Chapman in *The New Republic* puts it, "If you think all this newfound power will be deployed for benevolent purposes, think again . . . The NEA has only one purpose: to further the interests of teachers." Mr. Lang, meanwhile, could use a course in the thought of James Madison. Aristotle wouldn't think much of his logic, either. Though Machiavelli might admire his tactics.

■ Jacob Epstein has the inside track for the 1980 Alex Haley Award for Creative Expropriation. Novelist Epstein, son of publisher Jason Epstein, admits taking a few passages in his first novel, *Wild Oats*, from *The Rachel Papers*, a novel by novelist Martin Amis, son of novelist Kingsley Amis. But Epstein *fils* may decline the award, since he insists he took only about 13 of the fifty or so identical passages from Amis *fils*'s novel, the rest being, presumably, coincidence. Meanwhile, both fathers have entered the fray. We say Amis's *père* can whip Epstein's.

■ Wait'll Al Shanker hears about this. Three years ago the archdiocese of New York was preparing to close Our Lady of Victory school in the South Bronx. Black parents in the neighborhood, having long since despaired of public education, contracted, under the auspices of the Congress on Racial Equality, to undertake the operation of the school themselves. "All the things we were fighting for in the public schools were already facts of life in that school," said Victor Solomon, education director of CORE. ". . . Our kids could read, they were actually learning, and the difference was the discipline." Solomon also emphasized that, contrary to popular myth about such schools, the children at the CORE school were not carefully selected for success; indeed many of them had been thrown out of public schools. CORE held on for only two more years, however, before Our Lady of Victory finally went down to defeat. Solomon is now calling for a voucher system in public education.

■ Last month, Walter McCrone, a former member of the Shroud of Turin Research Project, got his name in all the "People" sections by claiming that the image on the Shroud was the work of a clever fifteenth century artist. The active ingredient: red ochre. Dr. McCrone's conclusions were based on the discovery of iron oxide on microscopic strands of the linen fiber. The Turin Project researchers, however, say that the Shroud's optical properties, e.g., its three-dimensionality, cannot be accounted for by the painting theory. Variations in the brightness of the image exactly correspond to the distances from the body which would obtain if the Shroud were placed over a recumbent figure. As for the iron oxide, the researchers note that at least two alternate explanations for its presence are plausible. 1) Linen production was originally achieved by the fermentation of flax in water. Cellulose, a basic component of linen, readily bonds with iron and calcium during oxidation in this process, so that the Shroud naturally absorbed iron oxide during its production. 2) Since iron is an essential component of human hemoglobin, blood stains may have formed iron oxide during decomposition and abrading. The ruling of the research group: "We find absolutely no evidence for any dyes, stains, pigments, or anything of that sort." Back to the, er, drawing-board, McCrone.

■ And now, the Bowdlerized Bible. The National Council of Churches is working on a revised Revised Standard Version, with all the filthy sexist language scrubbed out. The Lord's Prayer will begin: "O God, Who is [sic] to us as a true Parent . . ." (Except you can't even call it the Lord's Prayer, because the word "Lord" will be expunged from the text.) Rumor has it the translation is being executed by a team of eunuchs. If there is a God, may It visit Its wrath upon them.

■ Psssst. Hey meester. Wanna know where the smart money is for "artistic expression"? Here, come closer. This little pamphlet, the *Washington International Arts Letter*, gives names and addresses of the people with the big bucks. For only $24.50, you can find out how to get grants from the National Foundation of the

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Arts and Humanities, the Department of Education, the Department of Commerce, the General Services Administration, the Department of Housing and Urban Development, and many, many more.

■ Mr. Carter expresses his great despair at the potential "Hollywoodizing" of Washington should he lose, but for our money, it's better than the slaughterizing of the language.

■ Just before the voting, an inner-city white spokesman announced that the election of Jimmy Carter would mean "four long hot summers."

■ ERRATUM: In Michael Novak's column, page 1270, October 17, two lines of type were stripped in in the wrong place, hopelessly garbling one paragraph. The paragraph should have read: "Why should the public schools oppose such concentration and intensity, or worse, ignore it? Have they not an obligation to face reality in all its dimensions? Should they not teach everything of importance to the human spirit?" Our apologies to Mr. Novak and to his readers.

Attention Spans

Like Prague and Budapest before,
Afghanistan's become a bore.
There's no oil there; moreover, it's
So isolated where it sits,
It's hard to get excited just
Because some Afghans bite the dust.
The *New York Times* implies its fate
By running stories on page eight.

W. H. VON DREELE

Hail to the Chief

Ronald Reagan is the most important political figure produced by the conservative movement of the 1960s. Historians will undoubtedly view him in retrospect as a political spearhead, a candidate whose emergence marked a permanent turning-point. We go to press on the day after the Cleveland presidential debate, and we assume that Ronald Reagan will be the fortieth President of the United States, but, win or lose, Reagan's place in political history is assured. Even before the voting, some assessment of the 1980 presidential campaign can be made.

On the debate: the media tried to call it a draw, but early polling confirmed our view that on TV Reagan overwhelmed the Talking Potato, a MacNelly cartoon come to life, or a sort of life. And here there is a point worth making. In this country, "public opinion" as defined by editorials and other respectable public discourse is well to the left of private sentiment. For example, throughout the primaries Reagan ran well ahead of his standing in the polls: presumably, some people were unwilling to tell a pollster that they are "for Reagan," even though they in fact were. For precisely this reason, Reagan tacticians wanted the debate to be held as close to election day as possible, before "public opinion" could take hold and begin to alter perceptions about what had actually happened.

Nevertheless, Reagan waxed him in Cleveland.

In retrospect, the 1980 campaign was an extraordinary political exercise, well worth extended reflection. Carter's 1980 exigencies go back to 1976, when he ran a masterfully ambiguous campaign—winning in the Iowa caucuses, it should be recalled, as the anti-abortion candidate, running marginally to the right of Udall and then picking Mondale, and just squeaking home with a Southern sweep over an unelected incumbent. In 1980, without any political base, and without a defensible record, Carter had to run an essentially negative campaign. He could only win by destroying Reagan, and he pulled out all the stops.

Carter and his campaign surrogates—Andrew Young, Patricia Harris, Coretta King—attempted to brand Reagan as a racist. Andrew Young, reasoning that a "black spokesman" can say absolutely anything and still be excused, told us that a Reagan victory would lead to an open season for killing blacks. Carter and his surrogates argued with some success that Reagan would start a nuclear war.

In New York, the Rafshoon ads were targeted on the Jewish vote. They started off with an authoritative-sounding voice announcing that the Reverend Jerry Falwell had stated that God does not hear the prayers of Jews. Of course, the Rafshoonians knew very well that Falwell had never said any such thing, that in fact a Reverend Bailey Smith had said that, but Falwell has become a kind of synecdoche for New Right Christian politics, and so he went into the Carter ad. Now, Reagan had instantly disavowed the Bailey Smith prayers-of-Jews point, but that didn't matter to the Rafshoons. The radio ad told New York Jewish voters that people like Falwell would entrench themselves in the White House under Reagan, and would "impose" their values on the rest of us, i.e., on Jews. Just how they would go about imposing their values wasn't made clear.

At one point in this campaign, Carter accused Reagan of attempting to divide black from white, Jew from Christian, and so forth. But this has been exactly the strategy of Carter's own campaign.

It may be possible to explain/excuse Carter's tactics on the ground that he had no other option—no

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Breaking Up

Like a submarine bombed on the bottom
  With its bulkheads beginning to go,
The elite of the Left have developed a cleft
  In the Britain the Laborites know.
As a fissure, it rivals Grand Canyon
  Or Calcutta's unspeakable hole,
And I take it to mean Mrs. Thatcher's machine
  Can achieve its conservative goal.

W. H. VON DREELE

achievements worth mentioning, no political base, no personal magnetism—but it nevertheless must be recorded that he has run the foulest campaign since the 1928 anti-Catholic campaign against Al Smith. It might be objected that the 1972 Nixon campaign was dirty too. But there the break-ins and the rest were secret midnight operations. The campaign itself dealt with issues like the Vietnam War and McGovern's competence. The dirty tricks were relatively unimportant as far as the results were concerned. Not since 1928 have we seen a public campaign for the Presidency in which race and religion were deliberately thrust into the foreground.

Against a sleazy operation of this character, Reagan should have run a more aggressive campaign. Reagan has never lost a TV debate, and he flourishes in the TV medium. He should have demanded to debate Amy's front-man several times. After Labor Day, the Reagan campaign for some reason abandoned the supply-side economic themes that promised to make the Republicans the party of hope and expanded employment, the party of new ideas. For a couple of weeks in October, the Reagan campaign seemed to have been thrown on the defensive by Carter's demagogy. But now the whole thing is over, and it is time to begin shaping the agenda for the next decade.

Some Timing, Baby

On the morning of the debate, the *New York Times* gave six columns across the top of its Op-Ed page to Mr. Richard Barnet, senior fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies, about whom, and about which, just hold on. *Gentlemen*, he addressed President Carter and Governor Reagan, *if the Russians are not deterred already by more than 11,000 nuclear warheads . . . what degree of overkill would deter them?* Whatever degree is effective. In 1939, the French army had enough bullets to kill every man, woman, and child in Germany—which didn't stop Hitler, much less deter him. *President Carter . . . what was it that you learned about the Russians at the time of Afghanistan that you didn't know in 1956 and 1968?* Good point—Carter should have already known the Soviets were blood-stained aggressors. When does Barnet plan to learn? *Is the national security of the United States better served by aiding the present repressive regimes* [in Latin America] *or by taking a hands-off position?* Depends on whether the successors of the present regimes are more repressive and more hostile—as has been the case every time we've let an ally go down the drain. *Gentlemen, large corporations now make decisions that affect more people's lives than most government decisions.* Say that again on April 15. *How would you change the incentives for business to increase productivity?* How about Kemp-Roth?

But this is to break a butterfly upon a wheel, surely. Here's a question for the *New York Times. Gentlemen, Mr. Richard Barnet is a founder of the Institute for Policy Studies, an organization which divides its time between beating the drums for socialism, disarmament, and the PLO. This agitation takes various forms. Sometimes, IPS fellows write books (like Mr. Barnet's latest) which go on and on about the depredations of world capitalism while hardly mentioning the Soviet Union. Sometimes their cars blow up, whereupon it turns out they were spies for the Cuban KGB. Sometimes they write for the Op-Ed page of plump-minded newspapers. Why do you encourage them?*

Poland, Act II, Scene i

The struggle of the Polish workers took a new turn at the end of last month when a Warsaw court decided to allow the independent trade union, Solidarity, to register itself as a legal organization, on the condition that it explicitly acknowledge the "leading role" of the Communist Party. The workers refused, opening another round of bargaining and strikes.

This isn't the first time Communists have debated the role of trade unions. In the early Twenties, "left-wing" Bolsheviks and (to a lesser extent) Trotsky and his followers argued a literal Marxist line—in a workers' state, workers' organizations should rule. Lenin disagreed, and prevailed. The Party was hallowed as the leader of the Revolution. Solidarity's insistence on independence rakes up an issue that had been dead for sixty years.

Communist leaders, in Poland and throughout the Warsaw Pact, thus face a challenge to their whole view of the world and reason for being. They have many ways to meet it—foot-dragging, economic pressure, propaganda. But if these fail, and unless they have lost their will to rule—and nothing suggests that they have—they must resort to force.

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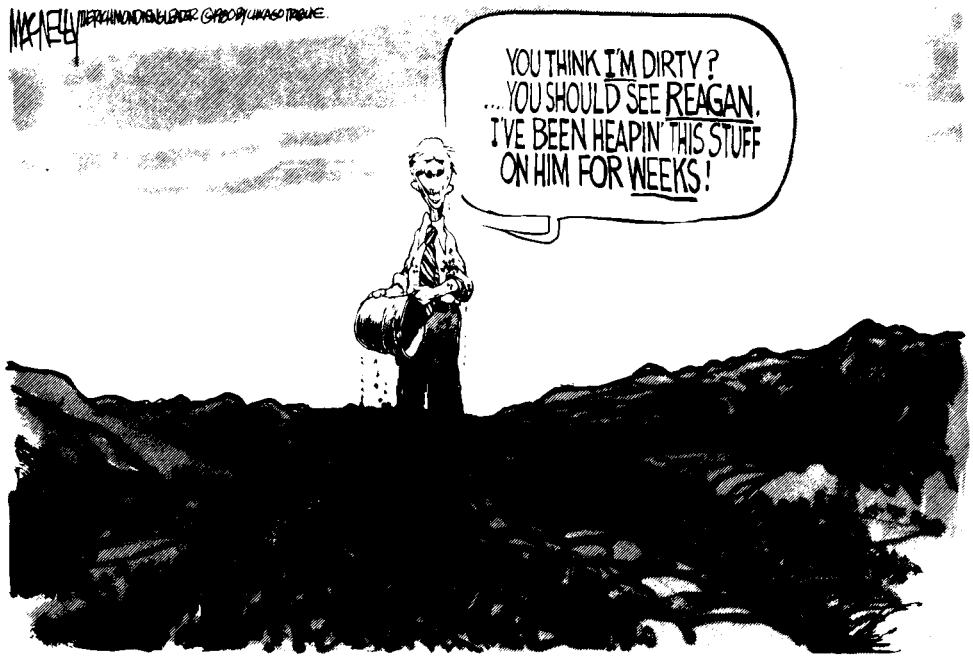
The Soviet Union has 95 divisions (37 of them armored) within striking distance of Poland, plus two armored divisions in Poland itself. Hungary and Bulgaria would contribute token support, as they did against Czechoslovakia in 1968. And the Czechs themselves would perhaps not regret the chance to pay the Poles back for having sent forty thousand troops into their country 12 years ago.



For theoretical justification, the Soviets would cite the Brezhnev Doctrine—that socialist nations have the right to intervene in each others' affairs if internal developments threaten socialist orthodoxy. The groundwork is being laid, as it was before the invasion of Hungary and Czechoslovakia, by hints and innuendos: instead of the usual paeans to socialist progress, the annual meeting of Warsaw Pact foreign ministers in October was abuzz with talk of "severe contradictions" and "antisocialist elements."

Against this, the Poles have an army of 14 divisions. In theory, of course, it should help in the suppression of any "antisocialist" forces. The Czech army, in 1968, simply stood aside. If history and temperament mean anything, the Poles are not likely to follow the Czechs' example. It is this prospect of vain resistance—more than anything the West would or could do—that will make the Communists cautious.

Jockeying for Power

Pre-White House hardball has already started, with a squeeze-play against Richard V. Allen, the betting man's candidate to head the National Security Council in a Reagan Administration. On October 28, the day of the Great Debate, the *Wall Street Journal*, just by accident, carried a hefty page-one article questioning Allen's ability to "distinguish between the affairs of government and his own personal business interests." At issue is whether Allen parlayed connections he made during his years in the Nixon Administration into contracts for himself and his friends in his role as an international business consultant.

Despite the strange prominence the *Journal* gave the article, it contained no startling revelations; all its major contentions (and insinuations) had previously been aired. In July, *Mother Jones*, the trendies' *Reader's Digest*, carried an exposé examining the relationship between Allen—when he was out of government—and Howard Cerny, a lawyer for financier Robert Vesco, who wanted Allen to perform consulting work on international business conditions, which Allen did for six months. The *Journal* had earlier reported on the *Mother Jones* article, as had the *Washington Post*, but the recent *Journal* article saw fit to rehash Allen's Vesco connection.

The October 28 article also dwelt on Allen's consulting work on behalf of what were then the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique. As with the Vesco connection, Allen was out of government service when he signed the contract with the Portuguese, and had registered as an agent of a foreign government. Though it could unearth no legal impropriety, the *Journal* article pronounced that Allen's work on behalf of Portuguese interests could prove "embarrassing if he takes a high foreign policy post." Well, as a matter of fact, why? Given the situation now prevailing in Angola and Mozambique—the former wracked by civil war, the latter a Marxist dictatorship —"embarrassing" doesn't seem the appropriate word. The Portuguese had a right to make their case.

Finally, the article examines various facets of Allen's relationship with the Japanese government and American companies doing business with Japan. Again, the *Journal* charges have a familiar ring. In its article on Allen, the *Washington Post* noted that a former official of Grumman International had charged that Allen had sought a $1-million contribution to Nixon's re-election campaign. Allen has long denied the charge, and, for what it's worth, with the exception of the man making the charge, no Grumman official seems to recall hearing Allen's million-dollar bid. Federal

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prosecutors, according to the *Post*, were asked to investigate, but they couldn't resolve the issue and never prosecuted anyone.

While no one can quarrel with the *Journal*'s right to expose old news, the article's timing—word of the article was going around Washington a couple of weeks before its publication—and its tone suggest that the *Wall Street Journal* is not immune to manipulation by clever in-fighters.

A Cold Coal Policy

Why isn't the United States mining more coal? It is a cheap and abundant source of energy from within our own borders. The Iran-Iraq war and the continuing drama of the fifty Americans held hostage by the fanatical regime of the Ayatollah Khomeini illustrate that the Middle East is an unstable region which cannot be relied on for a steady supply of oil. Moreover, the West cannot continue to depend on client states of the Soviet Union, such as Libya and Iraq, for its energy supply.

Unfortunately, not everyone in the United States sees the importance of coal. Although three U.S. Presidents have called for coal consumption to double by 1985 to replace oil imports, coal use has increased by only 2 per cent annually since 1972, while oil imports have expanded by 10 per cent annually over the same period. Environmentalists have been, and continue to be, a thorn in the side of the coal mining industry. A lot of press has been given, for example, to the acid rain that has been polluting Northeastern lakes. A recent article in the *Wall Street Journal* notes that scientists are finding acid rain to be a part of Mother Nature herself, and that it has been around since long before the Industrial Revolution.

The National Coal Policy Project (NCPP), sponsored by the Georgetown University Center for Strategic and International Studies, has provided a forum where businessmen and environmentalists could meet to reconcile some of their differences. As successful as the NCPP has been in getting people together to hammer out a coal policy, the coal is likely to remain underground as long as Congress and the Department of the Interior are involved. The Washington bureaucrats have so far refused state legislatures any control over the mining of their own coal. Environmental regulations from federal mining officials are just one more example of the Federal Government asserting its power at the expense of the rights of individual states.

While environmentalists try to turn back the Industrial Revolution and Washington grabs more power, the country continues to sit on its own energy supply while remaining dependent on increasingly shaky foreign sources of supply.

AMC Goes French

While Chrysler has become dependent on Washington to bankroll its continued existence, another U.S. auto manufacturer has had to turn to Paris for its survival. For $200 million, Renault—which is owned by the French government—acquired a controlling stake in American Motors Corporation. That leaves GM and Ford, and both have problems. Ford, which has been seriously weakened by large losses on its U.S. operations, is discussing joint ventures with Toyota.

With Washington, France, and Japan popping up in the ruins of the American automobile industry, John Kenneth Galbraith has cause to reconsider his thesis that large corporations are invulnerable to supply, demand, and competition. Remember the dictum that large corporations have "solved the problem of production"?—making the time ripe for government to impose worthy social goals upon them? The thesis sold books for Professor Galbraith, but Detroit is counting its losses. These losses have external spillover effects on the rest of the economy.

When the car industry does badly, the economy tends to stumble. When it does well, the economy tends to thrive. Lately, editorial cartoonists have been depicting the American economy as a wrecked car with Jimmy Carter at the wheel. But let's not forget the backseat drivers. The academic thesis that business is an endless bag of profits that should be turned to social goals played its role.

Just Us Witches

Just what the country needs right now: another retelling of the tale of the Hollywood Ten. The Left badly wants a morale booster, and what could do the job better than that time-honored liberal bedtime story, with its quotient of shivers and its implicit happy ending?

Now comes Victor Navasky, editor of *The Nation*, to give the beloved folk tale Sophoclean reverberance, in his new book, *Naming Names*. Navasky means to ratify that strange process whereby "McCarthyism" has come to mean, not accusing innocent people of being Communists, but accusing innocent Communists of being Communists. If all of McCarthy's charges had been true, Navasky would abhor him the more.

The book's main purpose, though, is to inform on the informers—to hold them up to public shame the way HUAC held Communists up. Presumably it's okay if a private agency does it. Or, more to the point, if the Left does it. As for the Hollywood Ten, "They have emerged in the culture as moral exemplars." The book concludes: "We have seen what happens when the citizen delegates his conscience to the state."

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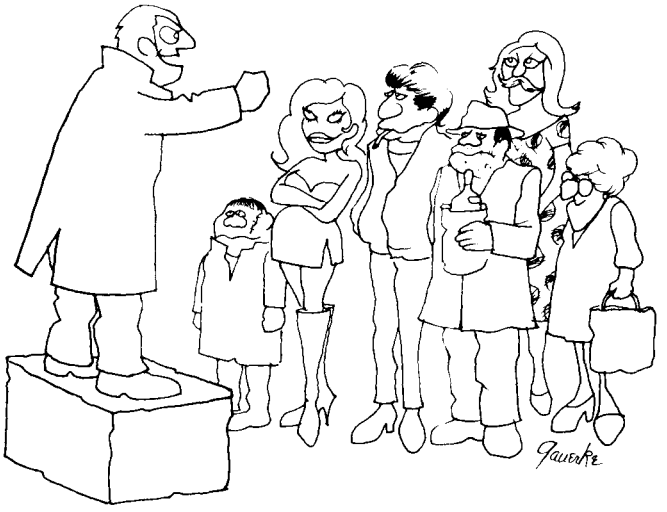

"We're going to organize, get ourselves a strong candidate, and then let them watch out for the Immoral Minority in '84."

As Bottom the Weaver says, "This was lofty." Of course a naïve or quibbling sort of reader might point out that these moral exemplars had shown no qualms —then or later—about delegating their consciences to Josef Stalin's state. But Navasky handsomely anticipates this point: The U.S. Communist Party, with "its clandestine style, its over-responsiveness to Soviet policy and the consequent abrupt flip-flops in its party line, . . . was a contributor to its own problems." There it is: "over-responsiveness." How even-handed Mr. Navasky is. With a single well-placed euphemism he shows his equal detachment from hysterical witch-hunters and over-responsive Communists. Liberal reviewers, needless to say, have been over-responsive to *Naming Names.*

The real sin of the informers was that they informed truly. Ironically, Navasky and his applauders are leveling their own charges of disloyalty.

Rubber Words

In a characteristically brilliant essay in the Fall *Human Life Review*, James Hitchcock looks back on this summer's White House Family Conference and reaches some fascinating conclusions. Understanding the whole affair, he suggests, requires skill in "deciphering coded terminology." He finds the conference to be, in fact, obliquely hostile to the traditional family, while disguising its hidden agenda in pro-family rhetoric.

Thus, for instance, any collection of sexual deviants sharing a dwelling could qualify as a "family." Such expanded definition ultimately does to language what printing paper money can do to the dollar. Hitchcock notes that genuine evils like child abuse can serve as wedges in the door for total state control of the family. Let the Federal Government intervene in family affairs now, and who knows whether the experts won't soon define "child abuse" so as to include raising children in "repressive" (e.g., religious) philosophies?

"Health too," he writes, "is an infinitely elastic concept. Already it is interpreted as implying the 'right' of minor children to contraceptive and abortion services, no matter what their parents' wishes." So, too, with "minority rights," which can already mean that "the power and authority of the state, especially through its schools, will be used to make 'alternative lifestyles' like homosexuality seem normal, natural, even desirable. Private agencies like religious schools will be pressured into conforming to the same mold."

Hitchcock is really onto something. In recent years we have seen the pattern time and again: a term like "discrimination" or "racism" takes hold, the state is empowered to fight the problem, and as the matter is referred to judges and bureaucrats the term is inflated to give them limitless discretionary power in punishing local and private institutions that resist the mold.

Most of the country has fallen into the trap of accepting a kind of permanent defendant status—always in the dock, denied due process, never quite sure what the rules are. How can you frame rational rules out of rubber words?

Executive Suite Women

The Mary Cunningham kind of situation is very much with us now, and we'll need to learn to handle it better than any of the principals did at the prestigious Bendix corporation. Women are entering the work force at every level, and since, *pace* Pope John Paul, sex has not been abolished, there are bound to be both rumors and facts. Some necessary distinctions will have to be insisted upon.

Here is the outline of the Bendix fiasco. Mary Cunningham, 29, separated and divorcing, a graduate of Wellesley and an outstanding student at the Harvard Business School, with experience at Chase Manhattan, rose in 15 months to vice president in charge of planning at Bendix.

Then the rumors flew: Miss Cunningham had risen not because of her abilities but because of an alleged romantic relationship with Bendix chairman William Agee, divorced. At that point, reason seems to have collapsed at Bendix.

The correct corporate position would have been a) that Mary Cunningham had been promoted on her merits, and that the corporation was capable of assessing her performance; and b) that her personal life, whatever it may have been, was her personal life.

Instead, Agee made a maladroit public statement denying any romance—thus provoking *more* public

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discussion of his and Mary Cunningham's private lives. Then the board of Bendix refused Miss Cunningham a leave of absence; but finally, as publicity mounted, accepted her *resignation*—thus indicating that rumor-mongers have a veto power over top positions at Bendix.

From her corner, Mary Cunningham played a weak game—leave of absence, resignation, etc. She should have said: I will be judged on my Bendix performance. Go away.

In the evolving corporate situation, a pretty woman will always be rumored to have slept her way to the top. Management, therefore, must take a tough, job-oriented line—and let people live the personal lives they choose to lead. For every winner there are a score of losers, and no effective defense exists against gossip. Agee and Bendix have behaved like amateurs; Mary Cunningham will learn her lessons from this, and be tougher next time.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

You figure most agreeably in Evelyn Waugh's letters, which I am currently reviewing. It was a major act of imagination but contrary to the basic principles of the free-enterprise system that the younger Buckley should ask the greatest prosemaster of the century to write for his magazine for, I figure, $200 a time. I believe it is called hard-headed philanthropy.

Out of friendship and a well-known ability to corrupt, I am concealing your whole relationship with Waugh.

Yours faithfully,
[Ken]
John Kenneth Galbraith
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Ken:

Your mathematics are, for once, counter-inflationary. I figure it came to slightly over $400 a time, and that was three Democratic Administrations back, i.e., real money.

The editor of *The Letters of Evelyn Waugh* (Mark Amory, London, Ticknor & Fields, 1980), did a curiously selective job of presenting Waugh's letters to me. Certainly (see below) the editor conveyed the impression that Waugh thought poorly of NATIONAL REVIEW and—can you believe it?—of my own writing. I am publishing (marked with an asterisk: *) the letters reproduced in the collection. I intersperse letters *not* reproduced in the collection. These letters, to say the least, suggest that, on the subject of NATIONAL REVIEW and my own readability, Mr. Waugh's views matured. It is, you will agree—will you not?—a pity that the later Waugh's views were kept from you?

Yours cordially,
Bill

February 29, 1960, WFB writes to Evelyn Waugh to comment on Waugh's expressed skepticism in reviewing Richard Rovere's book on McCarthy for the Spectator. *WFB offers to send Waugh a copy of Buckley and Bozell's* McCarthy and His Enemies *(Chicago, Regnery, 1954).* "Probably you will not want to spend the time necessary to learn the story, which is understandable. But I urge you then to heed the misgivings you clearly feel and give anti-McCarthyism a wide berth in the future." *WFB's P.S.:* "I am sending you a copy of my book *Up from Liberalism*. Please read the chapter on the great anti-McCarthy confidence man, Paul Hughes (p. 70). You will never forget that story."

FROM MR. E. WAUGH, COMBE FLOREY HOUSE, NR. TAUNTON

Many thanks for your interesting letter.

If you can spare a copy of your *McCarthy & His Enemies* I should greatly like to read it.

EW
5th March 1960

March 22, 1960, WFB replies that he is dispatching a copy of McCarthy and His Enemies. "I enclose the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW because you may want to see Colm Brogan's description of the British hysteria."

* [published in *The Letters of Evelyn Waugh*]

To WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY Combe Florey House
4 April 1960

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have to thank you for a) *Up from Liberalism* b) *McCarthy and His Enemies* and c) the NATIONAL REVIEW containing Colm Brogan's description of "British hysteria." I don't think you must take the last too seriously. McCarthy is certainly regarded by most Englishmen as a regrettable figure and your *McCarthy and His Enemies*, being written before his later extravagances, will not go far to clear his reputation. I have no doubt that we were sent a lot of prejudiced information six years ago. Your book makes plain that there was a need for investigation ten years ago. It does not, I am afraid, supply the information that would convince me that McCarthy was a suitable man to undertake it. Rovere makes a number of precise charges against his personal honour. Until these are rebutted those who sympathise with his cause must deplore his championship of it.

Yours sincerely,
Evelyn Waugh

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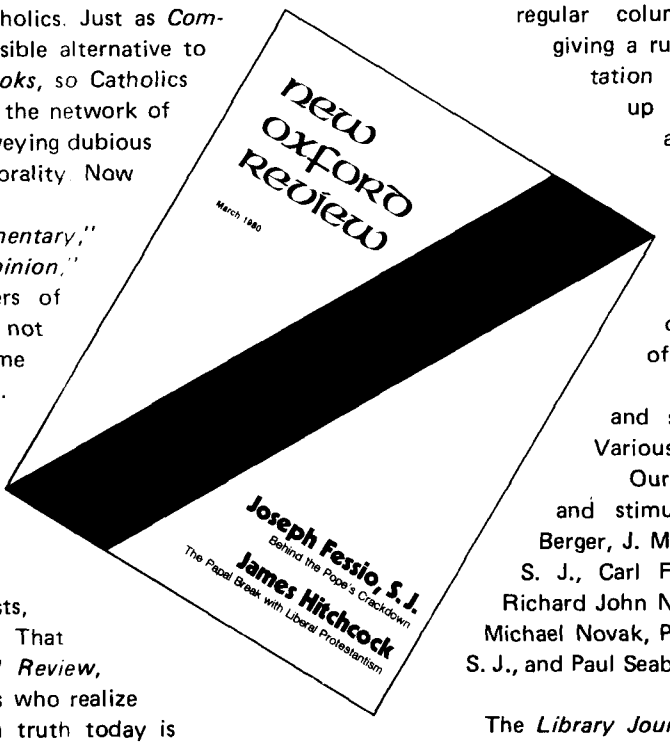
SUPPORT THE POPE

Catholic Christians need a monthly magazine devoted to the high-level discussion of general ideas that **stands with Pope John Paul II** in his struggle to save Christian orthodoxy from Hans Kung and other doubting theologians who have had a field day undermining the faith of a generation of Catholics. Just as *Commentary* magazine is the sensible alternative to the *New York Review of Books*, so Catholics need a sensible alternative to the network of Catholic opinion journals purveying dubious theology and pre-Christian morality. Now they have it.

We are a "Catholic *Commentary*," not a "Catholic *American Opinion*," because we believe defenders of doctrinal orthodoxy must not allow themselves to become captives of the radical right.

Now there is a Catholic journal that is written for both laity and clergy, and focuses its fire on the modernists while maintaining open doors to Evangelicals, Pentecostalists, and the Eastern Orthodox. That journal is the *New Oxford Review*, published by Anglo-Catholics who realize that the battle for Christian truth today is not being fought between Catholics and Protestants, but inside all denominations and communions.



A current issue features a symposium on where and why **Pope John Paul II should be supported by all orthodox Christians.** Each contributor is a prominent *non*-Roman Catholic.

The *New Oxford Review* features a regular column by **James Hitchcock** giving a running account and interpretation of the epic battle shaping up between the Holy Father and the modernists. Our Rome Correspondent files dispatches from **inside the Vatican.** Law professor Michael E. Smith writes a monthly column on **personal sanctity** from, of all places, Berkeley!

A variety of both religious and secular issues is addressed. Various viewpoints are aired.

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The *Library Journal* says: "Recent contributors have been Russell Kirk, John Lukacs, and the *New Oxford Review's* own brilliant, young editor, Dale Vree. This fine journal **will doubtless command increasing attention.**"

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May 24, WFB acknowledges Waugh's letter, and comments, "For the record, I should like to remind you that the virulence of the anti-McCarthy press was as marked at the time I wrote my book as it is now . . . Believe me, I am not saying all this because I care so much at this point for historical rectification (I have other things on my mind). But I care that you should not be victimized by the myth-makers. You have not spent your life jumping through their hoops, and you are too venerable to begin." *WFB offers Waugh a subscription to* NATIONAL REVIEW. "If you champion McCarthy's cause, while deploring his championship of it, you should look, now and then, at NATIONAL REVIEW. We do not make the mistakes he made and, Deo volente, never shall. . . ."

On May 30, 1960, WFB was sent by an old friend a clipping from the Manchester Guardian *reporting on a speech by Waugh in which he complained of the niggardly returns on his biography of Ronald Knox.* ("At this rate, I shall end my life writing a history of the cobbler industry.") *Without alluding to the article, WFB wrote to Waugh on May 31, 1960, asking if he would be interested in writing a monthly letter.* "I am prepared, because of the admiration which I and the editors have for your writing, to offer you a guarantee of $5,000 a year for a piece every few weeks, of two thousand words. That is higher pay by far than we have given before, higher than what we have paid to Max Eastman, John Dos Passos, Whittaker Chambers, and other freelance writers who have frequently written for us . . ."

* To WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY Combe Florey House
3 June 1960
Dear Mr. Buckley,

Thank you for your letter of 31st May.

It is most gratifying that you would like me to contribute to the NATIONAL REVIEW & I appreciate that in the circumstances your offer is a generous one, but until you get much richer (which I hope will be soon) or I get much poorer (which I fear may be sooner) I am unable to accept it.

Yours truly,
Evelyn Waugh

Excerpts from page 337 of McCarthy and His Enemies, *where the authors (WFB and Bozell) single out as an example of the views on McCarthy, those of an addlepated European:*

> Let us turn, for a short but first-hand account of the European position, to a few passages of what purports to be a fairly representative statement of prevailing European sentiment on the crisis of the day. We quote from a statement that appeared in *Time* magazine, October 12, 1953, putting forward the views of Mr. Tom Driberg, MP, introduced by *Time* as "an influential Christian socialist."
>
> "Many Europeans and Asians," Mr. Driberg says, "mistrust the tendency to dragoon the whole world into two big-power blocs, each professing the noblest intentions and emitting, alternately, high-falutin slogans about democracy and Tarzanlike boasts of invincible might. We have seen this tendency in American and Soviet policy alike. . . .
>
> "Many of us also feel impatient when, like kids after a street fight, each side accuses the other of having started it. Did the Russians start it in Czechoslovakia in 1948? Or the French in Indochina in 1945? Or the British in Greece in 1944? Any competent attorney could make a case either way.
>
> ". . . After all, we agree on some issues with either side: with the Russians, we reject what seems to us the jungle philosophy of big-business capitalism; we stress political liberties as strongly as the Americans do—or did before the era of McCarthy. . . .
>
> "To equate Soviet Russia with Nazi Germany is a dangerous oversimplification. They seem to me essentially different, in several ways: 1) ideologically, Communism is a Christian heresy, but Naziism was anti-Christian paganism; 2) hence, in practice, though there has been much cruelty in Russia, there is nothing comparable with the calculated horror of the gas chambers and the extermination of the Jews; 3) geographically and economically, the Soviet Union is far more self-sufficient and therefore not intrinsically expansionist. . . ."

* To TOM DRIBERG Combe Florey House
[6 June 1960]
Postcard
Dear Tom,

I read with great interest your article on the new Buchmanism in *New Statesman & Nation.* Can you tell me: did you in your researches come across the name of Wm. F. Buckley Jr., editor of a New York, neo-McCarthy magazine named NATIONAL REVIEW? He has been showing me great & unsought attention lately & your article made me curious. Has he been supernaturally "guided" to bore me? It would explain him.

Yours ever,
Evelyn

* To TOM DRIBERG Combe Florey House
11 June 1960
Dear Tom

. . . I have thrown away all copies of NATIONAL REVIEW. These are the directors. Only one familiar name,† Chambers (who kept secret documents in a pumpkin). Buckley wrote *Up from Liberalism* (un-

† *Paris Review*, Interview with E. Waugh, Fall 1963:
Q: Have you found any professional criticism of your work illuminating or helpful? Edmund Wilson, for example?
EW: Is he an American?

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readable); his magazine is mostly devoted to attacks on American "Liberals." I don't think he is a Papist. He would have told me, I think, if he were. Chambers certainly espoused some form of Christianity—Quaker? It would be interesting to know if this was a nest of Buchmanites. . . .

Yours ever,
Evelyn

June 16, 1960. WFB writes to express his disappointment at Waugh's letter of June 3, and to say that the complimentary subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW *will continue.*

July 10, 1961. WFB writes to Waugh requesting permission to quote from his letter on Joe McCarthy for a new introduction to a new edition of McCarthy and His Enemies. *Waugh grants permission. On March 30, 1962, WFB sends proofs of the new introduction to Waugh. He encloses the current issue of* NATIONAL REVIEW, *including a review of the latest Waugh novel (*The End of the Battle*) by Joan Didion.*

COMBE FLOREY HOUSE,
COMBE FLOREY,
NR. TAUNTON.

4th April 1962

Dear Mr. Buckley

Thank you for sending me the proof of the preface to the new edition of your book on Senator McCarthy.

The only correction I would suggest is that it is improper to call Bertrand Russell "Lord Bertrand Russell," a style only used by the younger sons of Dukes and Marquesses. He is properly called either Earl Russell or Lord Russell.

Please thank Miss Didion for her kind review. I could not understand the opening, but the rest of her article showed her to be a most agreeable young lady.

Yours sincerely,
E. Waugh

COMBE FLOREY HOUSE,
COMBE FLOREY,
NR. TAUNTON.

October 27th, 1962

Dear Mr. Buckley

I have just finished an article of about 3,500 words, which will eventually appear in the English *Spectator*, on the subject of the Vatican Council.

As you know, the Council will sit for a long time before any decisions are made, so there is no urgency about publication. *The Spectator* can delay publication until it appears in America.

The title is "The Same Again Please: An English Layman's Hopes of the Vatican Council." The theme is that the Conciliar Fathers have been imposed on by a minority, comprising an unholy alliance of modernists & archaeologists, into supposing that there is a strong demand among the laity for changes in the liturgy. Hands off the Mass.

I have not yet offered it to any American magazine. Would you care to make an offer for it before I put it into the hands of my agent?

Perhaps you would be so kind as to reply by cable.

Yours sincerely,
Evelyn Waugh

Several letters are missing, including one in which WFB requested Waugh to review Garry Wills's book on Chesterton [Chesterton: Man and Mask, *New York, Sheed and Ward, 1961*], *which Waugh consented to do (published April 22, 1961).* ("A second cause which Chesterton might have for complaint, is Mr. Wills's literary style. It is not uniformly bad. Indeed, again and again he shows himself capable of constructing a grammatical, even an elegant, sentence. . . . [Chesterton] was a lovable and much loved man abounding in charity and humility. Humility is not a virtue propitious to the artist. It is often pride, emulation, avarice, malice—all the odious qualities—which drive a man to complete, elaborate, refine, destroy, renew, his work until he has made something that gratifies his pride and envy and greed. And in doing so he enriches the world more than the generous and good, though he may lose his own soul in the process. That is the paradox of artistic achievement.")

COMBE FLOREY HOUSE,
COMBE FLOREY,
NR. TAUNTON.

2nd April 63

Dear Mr. Buckley

Very many thanks for *Rumbles.* [*Rumbles Left and Right*, by WFB, New York, Putnam's, 1962.]

Some of the essays were familiar to me from NATIONAL REVIEW. I reread them with the same zest as those which were new. You have the very rare gift of captivating the reader's attention in controversies in which he has no direct concern. I congratulate you on the collection. At your best you remind me of Belloc; at your second best of Randolph Churchill.

I hope you enjoyed your visit to London. I never go there nowadays except on my way somewhere else. They have destroyed all its character both architecturally and socially.

Please accept my greetings for Easter (which I shall be spending in Rome).

Yours sincerely,
Evelyn Waugh
—WFB

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The Current WISDOM

Campaign Notes

NEAL B. FREEMAN

YOU HAVE OUR solemn pledge that we will never quote George Santayana on the subject of history, but the campaign just completed did yield nuggets of wisdom that presidential aspirants will ignore at their peril.

1. *Don't forget to play your high card.* One of the many things we missed in the Reagan campaign was the centerpiece of his other campaigns, both state and national: stemwinding patriotic orations. Ronald Reagan may be the only man in America who can moisten the eyes of the citizenry with his call to duty and country. (The speech was drafted. Brilliantly drafted. An eye-moistener.)

2. *The first criterion for staff selection should be loyalty to the candidate.* The corollary to that principle, to be embossed inside the front cover of the political manual, is this: any staff member giving unauthorized not-for-attribution quotes to the media shall be fired summarily. (We offered snide congratulations to the senior management of the Reagan campaign in early October; at that point, they had strung together four consecutive days during which the staff had not badmouthed the candidate in the press. A record. Of course, Reagan was up by ten points in the polls then and there wasn't much blame to spread.)

3. *The selection of and performance by the vice presidential candidate can make a significant difference.* George Bush, whose heart was broken on a wintry Tuesday in New Hampshire, came back to play a flawless, reassuring role in the fall campaign. (We are writing these lines on October 22. We presume, blithely, that there will be no Halloween assaults on convents or orphanages by the Bush high command.) Try as they might, the press ferrets could not entice Bush staffers into making anti-Reagan cracks. Not even when Peking sprang the trap door. George Bush ran a classy campaign.

4. *The media are not always wrong, but that's the way to bet.* A sampler of media-established "facts" about the campaign that proved to be dead wrong: The major-party candidates ignored the issues (the *national media* ignored the issues—substantive speeches and statements were covered closely and well by local media, while the networks and major papers played the horse-race angle); the well-funded GOP outspent the Democrats by a wide margin (such reckoning omits the value of the White House, a political asset of incalculable worth but surely running into eight figures); the independent expenditure campaigns of right-wing organizations directed a torrent of cash to the Reagan campaign (when final figures are in, actual candidate expenditures will approximate 15 per cent of widely publicized goals); a new political organization of the Christian Right—the Moral Majority—is transfiguring American politics (at this writing, we can find not a single poll that shows Reagan carrying even a *plurality* of the born-again vote).

5. *The flow of media coverage is not so much ideological as contracyclical.* If A is up and B is down, B gets the free ride and A the thumbscrew. When B recovers and begins to overtake A, new flaws appear in B's campaign, while A shakes up his staff, rejiggers his tactics and shows . . . New Momentum. It's called horse-race coverage and it has nothing at all to do with the great decisions of democracy. (An aside for media junkies. The heaviest body-punching of the campaign, candidates excluded, came from the editorial cartoonists, most of whom found Carter to be an irresistible target. The crisp shots from Jeff MacNelly were to be expected, perhaps. Not so those haymakers from Herb Block, the *Washington Post* veteran. Block made his bones, as Mario Puzo used to say, with his ominous, five-o'clock-shadowed Nixon classics. His series of passionately anti-Carter cartoons this fall were as much a surprise to the Reagan headquarters as to the White House.)

Ross Rothco

"It only types in rhetoric!"

6. *The nomination—and even the general election—can be just the beginning.* Let's illustrate the point with a story. A few weeks ago we listened in on a conversation between our friend M. Stanton Evans and an eager political rookie. The young fellow asked Stan what he did, that being the Washington equivalent of "Good morning," and Stan replied: "I'm an objective observer of the public policy process." You have to know Stan Evans, the soul of drollery, to appreciate just how funny was his remark. But embedded in the humor was a serious point, one on which we should all reflect. Sad to say, there *are* people, legions of people, who not only talk that way but think that way. They are the "persons" who arrive in large numbers with hefty credentials in the aftermath of every political collision. With nomination in hand or the election all but won, they climb into the three-piece suit, strap on the briefcase, and proceed to give chase to the ambulance. They are called public policy analysts and if the statisticians who keep track of such things aren't predicting that the country will be overrun with them by the end of the century, they are overlooking the unmistakable. These persons may be halves of childless couples—most of them are—but they breed like rabbits.

Thus this message to the President-elect. All around you men and women will be observing the public policy process. Keenly. Shrewdly. Articulately. Don't despair. Just pick a few folks who can help you get results. □

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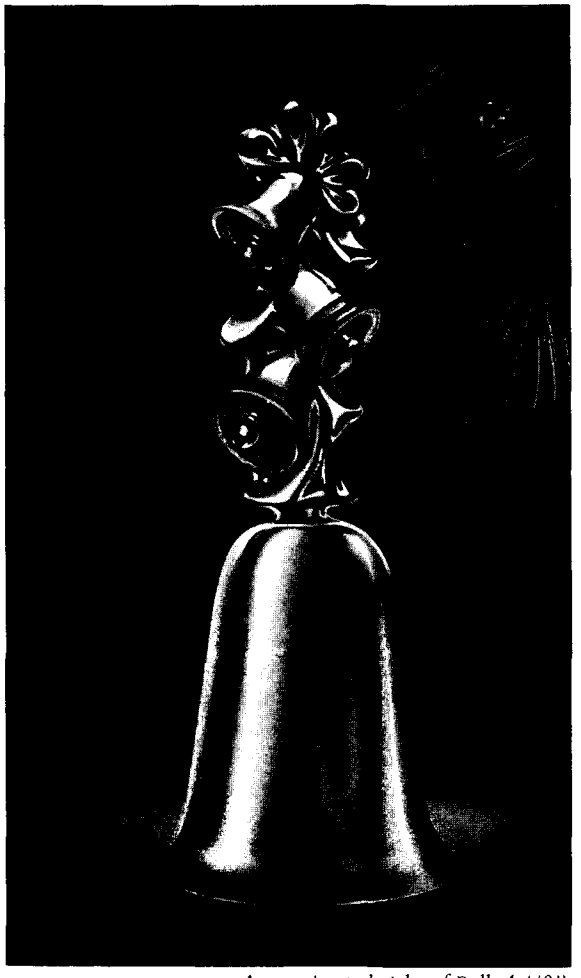

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The Impossible Colonel

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

COLONEL QADDAFI of Libya is an inescapable leitmotiv in this column, a recurring decimal, a refrain. He has inordinate ambitions of his own and is willing to serve the ambitions of the Soviet leadership as well, whether only to the extent that they serve his own, or beyond, is difficult to say. He helps terrorists all over the world and is not too fussy about their ideology.

But just recently, the impossible Colonel has had a comeuppance of a kind, at the hands of another political leader about whose sanity doubts have at times been expressed: Dom Mintoff of tiny Malta. Let us look at what happened between the two, and speculate a little about the future.

With Mintoff's apparent approval, Colonel Qaddafi had been rather successfully turning Malta into a Libyan colony. One of the symptoms of this takeover was the Maltese Prime Minister's improbable readiness to bury the concept of Malta as a nation and of the Maltese as a distinct people. True, Malta has been invaded and occupied so many times in its long history that one invasion more or less may have seemed of little moment. But Mintoff went so far as to ban any mention of the name "Malta," or of the Maltese as a nation, without official permission. He declared that Arabic was to be a requirement for university entrants and inaugurated Arabic lessons on Malta's television service. And he imported about eight hundred Arab teachers. There is a faint cultural irony here: the Maltese language is a unique blend of North African Arabic and Sicilian dialect, written in the Roman alphabet. The proposed shift to pure Arabic was a big leap away from nationhood and was much resented.

All this was going quite nicely from Qaddafi's standpoint, when this hyperbolical personage went just a bit too far, as he tends to, and mounted an attack on a Maltese oil rig about sixty miles south of the island. Mintoff thereupon expelled fifty Libyan advisors, whom he described as "a threat to the freedom of the island."

This rebuff did the impossible Colonel no good at all at home, where he was already running into serious difficulties. The attack on the oil rig took place on August 20. Just a fortnight earlier a brigade of regular army troops had gone into rebellion at Tobruk. Their plan was to capture Benghazi, as well as Tobruk, rally the Bedouin tribes of the south, and march on Tripoli.

A Fizzled Coup

The plan misfired because details were leaked to Qaddafi. Summoning the air force, he forced the rebels to drop their plans, but didn't exactly crush the rebellion. The leaders fled the country, but very few of the rebel forces were either killed or captured. They simply went into hiding, heavily armed and a potential further threat to the revolutionary regime.

None of this would matter very much, except to Colonel Qaddafi, but for the extent of the leader's territorial pressures in Africa. It could, in other words, turn out to be good news—a commodity lately in short supply.

Libya has been a gigantic arms dump ever since the great arms deal of 1976 with the Soviet Union. Soviet weapons, which include tanks and MiG-23 aircraft, are far greater in quantity and firepower than Libya's tiny armed force of 35,000 men can possibly absorb; they might be more appropriate if the entire population of less than three million were mobilized—men, women, and babes in arms of another kind. So whose needs do they ultimately serve, in addition to Qaddafi's adventurous ego?

Regardless of his minuscule armed forces, technological backwardness, and a camel-based military tradition, Qaddafi sees himself as the conqueror, or at least the subjugator, of a vast Saharan empire, to stretch from the Atlantic Ocean to the Red Sea in breadth, and from the Mediterranean to the northern confines of Chad and Niger in depth.

To this distant end, Qaddafi supplies sophisticated weapons to the Muslim rebels of FROLINAT in Chad; sponsors the Polisario Front which is trying to wrest the Western Sahara from Morocco, and in general stirs up trouble or arms existing troublemakers wherever they might serve his imperial ambitions (and indeed elsewhere, as in Oman). He was a strong supporter of the monstrous Idi Amin in Uganda, and of the Patriotic Front in what is now Zimbabwe. He armed and supplied Islamic revolutionaries in Iran who helped to overthrow the Shah.

At times, his commitments strain rationality (as with the IRA Provisionals in the 1970s). A curious example is Ethiopia. Until 1974, he sent arms and money to the Eritrean Liberation Front (ELF), partly no doubt to counter the reigning cooperation between the Egyptians and Sudanese in that area.

When Emperor Haile Selassie was overthrown in 1974, Libyan aid to the ELF ceased abruptly, only to be resumed recently when the Marxist-Leninist government in Addis Ababa renewed hostilities against the Muslims of Eritrea.

Qaddafi's Ace

As everyone knows, the indigenous strength of the Qaddafi regime (as distinct from the imported power of Soviet weapons) lies in one thing and one thing only: a huge oil surplus which spills over into revolutionary coffers. Alas, some European countries need Libyan oil badly, if only because it is a) handy, and b) a reserve source if the Strait of Hormuz should be blocked as a result of the war between Iraq and Iran.

It is difficult, therefore, to find much support for the proposition that Libya should be outlawed, ostracized, or embargoed. And Qaddafi knows it.

Once again, it occurs to this British observer how much depends on your American elections. A Reagan Administration, intent as one hopes upon reviving American leadership, and ready to restore teeth to the CIA (for instance), if teeth can be grown or implanted quickly enough to matter, would have plenty to do in and around Libya, not least in supporting the many enemies of Colonel Qaddafi who could provide their country with a saner leadership. □

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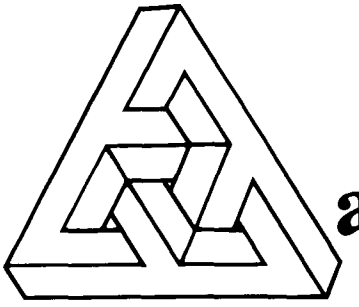
The Myths Of Racial  and Sexual DISCRIMINATION

GEORGE GILDER

EARLIER THIS year a very radical think-tank in Washington applied to a venerably established New York foundation for a grant to study discrimination in the U.S. economy. The grant application pointed out that women and blacks were vastly "underrepresented" in the upper reaches of American business and industry, and proposed to examine the discriminatory activities that accounted for this situation.

The grant was headed for approval (virtually every U.S. foundation has to have a racism and sexism project), when a mischievous observer pointed out that the study team itself was to be directed by two white males, earning five times as much money as their young women assistants (who were to be college graduates), and more than seven times as much money as the only blacks anywhere involved, namely the janitorial workers at the institute's building. The foundation turned down the proposal.

This action was extremely unfair. As the mischievous objector presumably knew, such an observation could be made about nearly all the organizations that denounce racism and sexism in America. Indeed, another radical study group in Washington, the Institute for Policy Studies, which has devoted itself for over a decade to a foundation-supported crusade against racism and sexism in America, two years ago was itself threatened by a suit from its employees, charging it with "racism" and "sexism." For that matter, the Department of Health and Human Services (HHS), né HEW, itself shows a pattern of pay and employment that would subject it to discrimination suits if it were a private organization rather than a government bureau.

Now that the Supreme Court has ruled, in the *Bakke* and *Weber* cases, that affirmative-action programs giving preference in hiring to women and "minorities" are legitimate as weapons against discrimination, it is perhaps useful to consider where such discrimination exists. The *New York Times* editorial page, completely dominated by white males, is sure that there is much discrimination in American unions, but refuses to acknowledge any on the *New York Times*. *More* and *New Times* magazines, both now defunct, and *The Nation*, still doughtily afloat, found widespread discrimination at the *Times*, but none, presumably, on their own mostly white male mastheads. Health and Human Services discovers discrimination in the provision of cots for women's restrooms, but it acknowledges none in its own hiring and promotion practices.

Before we proceed to institute affirmative action almost everywhere in America, a further possibility, as outrageous as it may seem, might well be entertained: the possibility that affirmative action should be stopped, not because it is unconstitutional or unfair to poor white males, but because discrimination has already been effectively abolished in this country.

One of the problems in dealing with the expanding array of claims of discrimination—reaching far beyond the obvious and paramount victims in American history, the blacks—is that anyone looking for bias can always find it. The persecution complex is a standard psychological ill and its sufferers, of every race, creed, and condition, have little trouble confirming, to their own satisfaction, their visions of a hostile world.

THE LAST thirty years in America, however, have seen a relentless and thoroughly successful advance against the old prejudices, to the point that it is now virtually impossible to find in a position of power a serious racist. Gaps in income between truly comparable blacks and whites have nearly closed. Problems remain, but it would seem genuinely difficult to sustain the idea that America is still oppressive and discriminatory.

Nonetheless, the liberal imagination has been quite up to the task. Even the very least oppressed citizens—upper-class Jews, millionaire athletes, aristocratic women, wealthy Catholics, patrician WASP scholars, and foreign-service officers—have managed to envision continual conspiracies against themselves or their generic kith and kin.

Mr. Gilder is Program Director of the International Center for Economic Policy Studies and author of Wealth and Poverty, *to be published in January by Basic Books, from which this article has been adapted.*

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When all else fails, aspiring victims resort to vicarious persecution complexes. In recent decades the favored focus of altruistic suffering has been blacks and women. But Hispanics have been making a strong claim for future consideration, and arithmetically inclined politicians have noted with interest the ever-expanding numbers of these evident masochists thronging to the shores of oppression.

Vicarious persecution rides high in Washington, where it has occasioned the most lordly feats of enterprise since the age of the Robber Barons. The initially tiny Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC), once with the relatively small and diminishing purview of offenses-against-blacks, has diversified with the times and become a mighty conglomerate, combatting discrimination against an array of victims comprising some 70 per cent of the population, including the holders of more than three-quarters of the national wealth. In an early confrontation, EEOC brought a major rival in enterprise, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, humbly to its knees. Not to be outdone, HHS's Office of Civil Rights contrived a bilingual education program that now assures some seventy minorities their civil right to be taught in tongues, incurring disabilities that will lead to bias suits far into the future. In fact, the politics of persecution is now embodied in a complex of some twenty federal agencies, with tentacles in every state, which, one might say, grow in arrogance and power virtually in proportion to the disappearance of the problem.

But that is not exactly true, for the problem in many instances is not really discrimination at all, but an attitude endemic to the affluent society: that wealth is to be taken for granted rather than produced by toil and thrift; that life is supposed to be easy and uncomplex, and that its inevitable scarcities, setbacks, and frustrations are the fault of malevolent others; that good intentions should be worth their weight in gold and good credentials should convert instantly into power and glory without sordid interludes of productive competition and struggle; that the world is only superficially awry and can be made smooth and straight and rational by rulings from on high, if only the evil overlords can be removed. This set of attitudes may well arise from visions of abundance everywhere clashing with the reality of human hierarchies that narrow and steepen as they approach their peaks (from which the television images are beamed). But for whatever reason, when the government accepts and propagates the fantasy vision of free goods and teaches people to believe that they are not responsible for their lives and choices, the problem inevitably grows.

LAUNCHED to rectify the age-old wrongs against blacks, EEOC and the other agencies of equal rights have made some modest but important progress. But now they are rapidly, and in many ways seriously, becoming enemies of black progress. Black men are already a small minority—less than 10 per cent—of those the agency has taken under its jurisdiction. It is not nearly as preposterous as it seems to suggest an affirmative-action program in their favor *within* the precincts of Washington's equal-rights conglomerate, as it turns from its limited minority market of blacks to its teeming majority of women and its inviting growth stock of Hispanics, leaving aside for the moment the handicapped, the ex-addicts and alcoholics, the homosexuals, the aged, the young, and the Indians, all of whom are staking claims in the Klondike of bigotry. Now that courts have upheld multi-million-dollar settlements for victims of bias (more than $67 million, for example, to be divided among a few thousand telephone-company employees, and millions for unpromoted women at *Newsweek*, NBC, and the *New York Times*), lawyers are crowding forward with statistically tenable victims in tow.

Judges have already overruled the laws of economics in such cases. Salaries are normally determined, to a great degree, by supply and demand. If there is a glut of professors in nursing, and a shortage in engineering, the male engineers will be paid more for their "equal" work than female nursing teachers. In general, anyone who accepts a job has agreed to its conditions and pay, and in all probability could not find a better combination elsewhere, or he would threaten to depart and the threat would suffice to raise his pay. People who are unwilling or unable to leave will always have to settle for less. If women are less mobile than men because they must live where their husbands are employed, their lower pay for equal work is an effect not of discrimination but of locational preference.

Everyone seems to want indoor work with no heavy lifting, but only women nearly always get it, thus driving down their pay

Most of the differences in pay between men and women, though, derive from the fact that women between the ages of 25 and 59 are 11 times more likely than men to leave work voluntarily, and the average woman spends only eight months on a job compared to almost three years for a man. Throughout the economy, moreover, both men and women with college degrees and doctorates, technical fields included, often earn less than plumbers and garbagemen and miners and truckdrivers who have high-school credentials at best. Everyone seems to want indoor work with no heavy lifting, but only women nearly always get it, thus driving down their pay. Equal pay for equal work is a principle that applies nowhere. Even in identical jobs, work effort varies vastly from worker to worker. What EEOC implicitly demands is carte blanche powers over the entire job market and thus the destruction of the vital freedom of workers to choose their own jobs from among the competing offers of employers.

An equal-rights effort—even an affirmative-action program—was feasible when concentrated on the 10 per cent of the American people with real grievances. But affirmative action that potentially involves more than half the work force is necessarily an exercise in futility, regardless of whether thousands of women and lawyers are gratified. The victims of this growing mockery are black men who might have benefited from a disciplined program but are now forced to join an undignified queue with such improbable victims of discrimination as Yale coeds molested by their tutors, ex-addicts denied re-employment, assistant professors at Smith re-

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This Christmas is a special one for us. It's our 25th Anniversary year, and we have a great deal to be thankful for (e.g., *survival*). We hope to make it something special for you and your friends too. For instance: you will get our big 25th Anniversary issue (as the last 1980 issue) which should be our *best* ever — filled with special features, articles, photos, cartoons, all focusing on NR's first quarter-century — a complete rundown of all that's happened, and what's ahead. You will of course receive it at no additional cost (though it will sell for $2.00 a copy on newsstands). We think you will thoroughly enjoy the whole thing.

We think your *friends* would enjoy it too, and hope you will send it to them. Specifically, here is what we propose: do your own Christmas shopping early (and *often*) right now by using the card opposite to send gift subscriptions to *National Review* to friends of yours (or relations, or students — you must know lots of people who would enjoy and *profit from* NR). We'll not only announce each gift subscription in your name, we'll *begin* each with a *free* copy of the handsome Anniversary issue too. That's 27 presents in one, lasting all through the year ahead — a momentous year during which *anybody* who's literate should enjoy NR (and all it will have to say about the new Administration). And it's so easy to give gift subscriptions: no waiting in line, no package wrapping, no postage — we'll handle everything for you if you just take a moment now to give us your instructions on the handy reply card facing this page. Why not do it immediately?

Our special Christmas rates: $24 for the first subscription (which may be your own, or your first gift), then just $19 for each additional full-year (26 issues) subscription. So you save a full $5.00 on each additional gift — *and* each will begin with the extra *free bonus* of our gala 25th Anniversary issue (as we say, it's worth $2.00 so you can save $7.00 in all!). Please send us your instructions today? Shopping early is smart shopping for you, and very helpful to us (let's all beat the rush this year!). Convenience, bargain, special treat — it's all here — so use the card opposite now. And Merry Christmas to you too.

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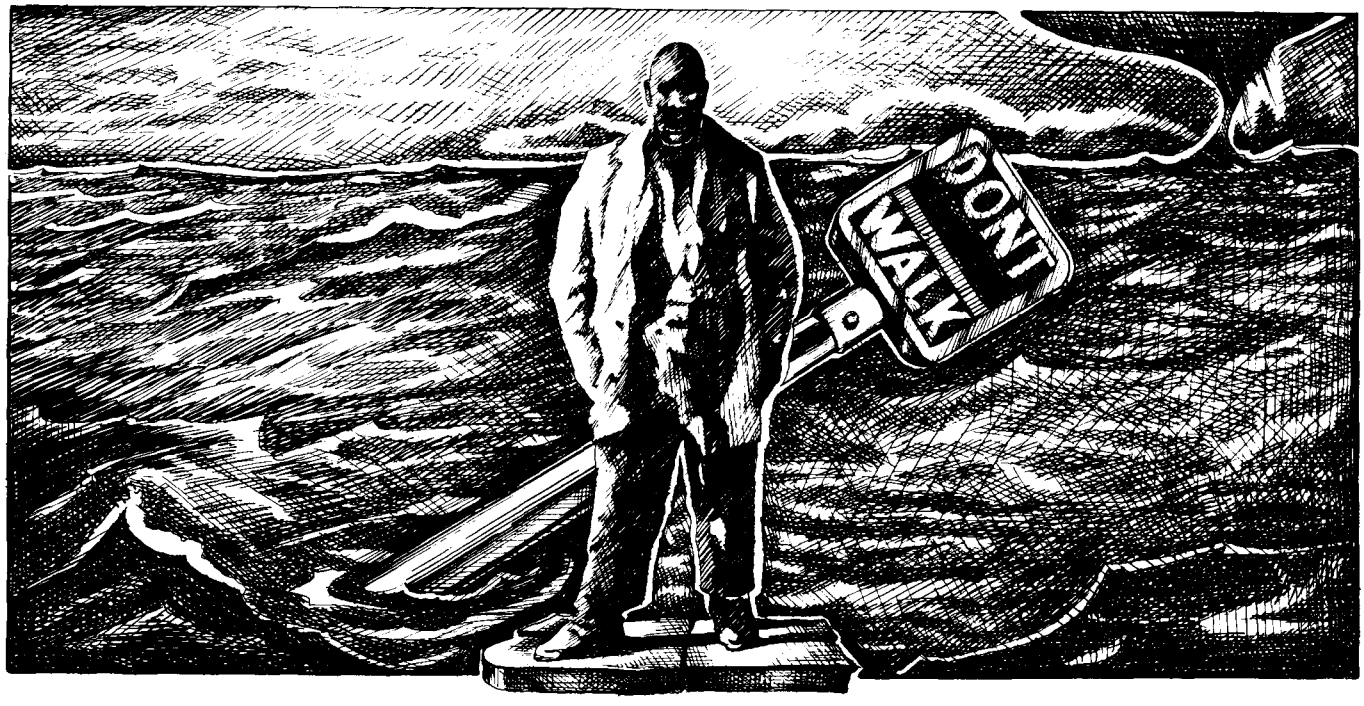

jected for tenure, and telephone operators who discover, years later, that what they had always wanted was to climb a pole.

Perhaps the most fundamental problem of the equal-rights agencies, though, is the incomparability of persons doing apparently equal work or serving in similar circumstances. Just as the women's basketball coach at the University of Kentucky holds a chair not remotely comparable to the throne established by basketball czar Adolph Rupp, just as any two writers of books may be vastly different in the quality of their product and the market for it, just as Reggie Jackson and Elmore Jackson are both right-fielders and Miles Davis and Herman Davis both play the trumpet in jazz bands, just as productivity figures for people doing the same work vary vastly, so similar job categories in any field cover a huge range of work performances. Any court proceeding will necessarily miss most of the infinite variety of influences —X-efficiencies, transcendental margins, mundane differences in diligence—that affect the market for jobs and are reflected in a scale of pay. Any governmental program interfering in personnel decisions will necessarily be arbitrary and unfair.

THE OFFENSE is serious. It consists in reducing personnel decisions, which normally involve hundreds of considerations reflected in the labor market, to a few key elements—sex, race, and documented credentials—and discriminating massively in favor of these often unimportant factors by excluding all other evidence as hearsay or prejudice. Such bias now distorts the labor market far more than racism and sexism. In fact, it can be shown that bigotry of the traditional kinds no longer plays a significant role in the market for jobs.

In determining a pattern of discrimination, one must begin by setting aside the anecdotes and ethnic jokes often adduced as evidence of American depravity. Although judges have admitted such data in courtroom testimony, even the fact that someone tells an applicant that he has rejected him on racial grounds does not always prove the case. In the current situation it is easier to tell (or hint to) a black or a woman or a white male that he is being categorically excluded than to tell him he doesn't measure up. That was why the *New York Times* and the *New York Post* told Percy Sutton he was rejected for mayor, both by them and by the voters, because the city was not ready for a black, rather than because it was not ready for a lackluster pol.

The same is true for the private jokes flaunted as evidence of racism and such. Caricature is a staple of humor, and however crude or unappealing it sometimes is, it reveals little or nothing about the actual behavior of the humorists. Polish-Americans were the prime butt of jokes throughout the very period that they exceeded the supposedly discriminating WASPs in per-capita incomes. This, of course, is not conclusive proof of an absence of discrimination; it might merely point to its ineffectiveness. But in that case, the government should have no interest in random and ineffectual bias, unless one believes that there are no serious problems more worthy of its concern.

The test of discrimination must come in its effects. To justify the works and powers of the equal-rights conglomerate, one must show a broad pattern of poverty and differential treatment that is best understood as being caused by racism and "sexism." Such discrimination may be defined as a persistent, even if unconscious, preference for white males over blacks and women who seek the job with equal ardor and would do it as well and as faithfully for equal or slightly lower pay. In appraising the arguments, one should begin with blacks, both because of slavery and segregation and because, unlike women, blacks do not raise the question of substantial biological differences. There is much evidence that without discrimination, present and past, blacks would achieve earnings comparable to those of whites. In fact, a case may be made that during the 25 years since the massive dismantling of legal barriers against them blacks have indeed performed far better than other Americans—catching up from

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far behind and in some categories even excelling the performance of the white majority.

Before appraising the evidence, however, it is crucial to rid oneself of the widespread misconceptions endlessly propagated by public agencies. Much of the difference between black and white incomes simply reflects the fact that the average age of the black population is around 22, about seven years less than the white average, and that half of the blacks live in the South, the nation's poorest region in income (though probably not—judging from the winter movements of Northerners—in real standards of living). In any case, families headed by 22-year-olds, white and black, had median incomes approximately $5,000 less than families headed by thirty-year-olds.

BLACKS in New York earned almost two and one-half times the incomes of blacks in Mississippi, and a third more than blacks in Atlanta. When age and location are held constant, the difference between young black men and white men substantially closes, and blacks are found to earn about 80 per cent as much as whites of the same age and location.

The remaining gap, the evidence increasingly suggests, relates not chiefly to discrimination against blacks but to earlier discrimination against their parents and to government-induced dependency and female-headed families. These phenomena largely reflect discrimination in favor of blacks by the welfare and poverty programs, which have signed up a 43 per cent greater proportion of poor black families than of poor white ones. This divergence does not arise, however, from conscious discrimination in favor of the black poor (though it may well be that many social workers believe blacks have a right to welfare that would be begrudged to whites). Nor does the difference signify any special white resistance to the dole. Poor blacks are more likely to go on welfare chiefly because many of them are visibly concentrated in inner-city communities, where all the wiles and appeals of the social-service bureaucracies can be focused on them. In non-metropolitan settings outside of "poverty areas," as the Census calls them, black and white poor families have similar proportions on the welfare rolls.

The number of poor female-headed families of both races began to climb in 1967, with the effective launching of the War on Poverty, and continued to rise through the early 1970s. But because the programs concentrated on the ghetto, female-headed white families among the poor rose by only 20 per cent while the black numbers nearly doubled. Since welfare can be shown to intensify and perpetuate the causes and effects of poverty, much of the statistical discrepancy between black and white incomes derives from differential coverage of welfare within the two groups.

All analyses that find high levels of discrimination neglect the fact that creation of female-headed families not only contributes to family poverty, it also tends to explain male poverty. Divorced, separated, and single men of all races work 20 per cent fewer hours than married men, and even with the same age and credentials bachelors earn less than 60 per cent as much money as husbands and about the same amounts as single women. There are proportionately twice as many black as white single men. If the differences between blacks and whites are corrected for marital status, the gap between the earnings of black and white males of truly comparable family background and credentials completely disappears. Background, of course, reflects past discrimination, and singleness is partly an effect of poverty and unemployment as well as their cause. Discrimination persists to some degree in some parts of the labor market. But it has only a small impact on the relative incomes of blacks and whites.

This thesis is heavily confirmed by the experiences of the offspring of nonwhite immigrants who also faced bias and exclusion into the second half of the twentieth century. Japanese-Americans and black West Indians are ethnic groups with harrowing histories of persecution in America and physical features that make them instantly identifiable by the potential discriminator. If discrimination were a key source of poverty, both should be poor. Yet as of 1970 West Indians born and raised in the United States and second- and third-generation Japanese exceeded WASPs in median income, in years of education, in proportion above the poverty line, and in percentage in the professions. The performance of the second-generation West Indians is particularly relevant since they are presumably indistinguishable from other American blacks. (The chief difference is that the West Indians have darker skins and less white blood.)

Among doctoral scientists and engineers, blacks earn slightly more than whites; on college and university faculties, blacks with top credentials outearn whites

There are many examples of American black groups that earn essentially the same incomes as comparable whites. Among doctoral scientists and engineers, blacks earn slightly more than whites; among young two-earner families outside the South, blacks outearn comparable whites; on college and university faculties, blacks with top credentials outearn whites. As the earnings-capacity utilization studies show, such groups tend to work as hard as or harder than their white competitors.

The continuing problems of black men do not lie in the upper echelons. Comparisons that fail to differentiate between the high-income scientific doctorates and the lower-income social science PhDs, between professional engineers and professional school teachers, or between credentials from elite universities and from the valuable but inferior Southern black institutions, will continue to show bias against the most educated blacks. Similarly spurious levels of discrimination will be shown by comparisons that fail to differentiate between the average quality of black and white high-school diplomas, since the Coleman Report found blacks to be an average of three years behind whites. Older blacks who attended segregated schools that were open one-third fewer hours than the white schools also earned depreciated creden-

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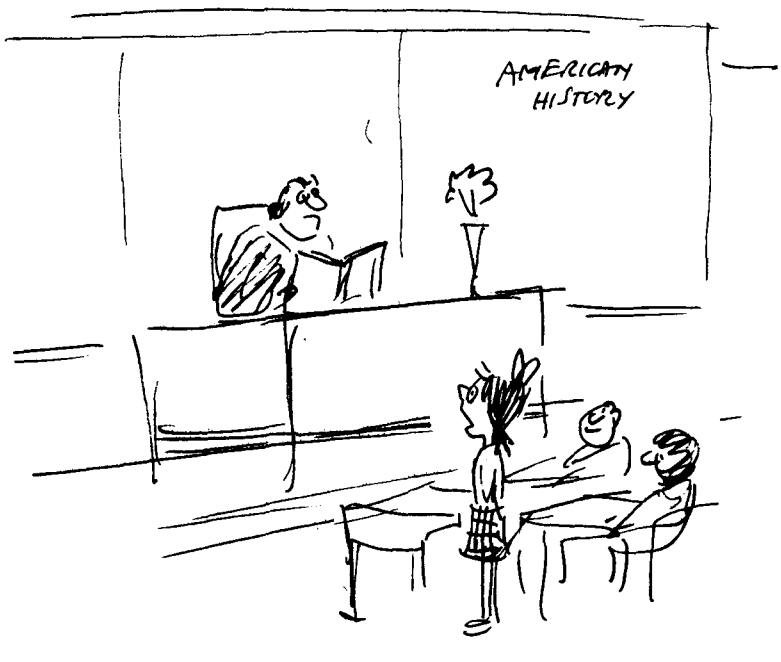
help!!!!

How to Find What You're Looking For in the File Cabinet

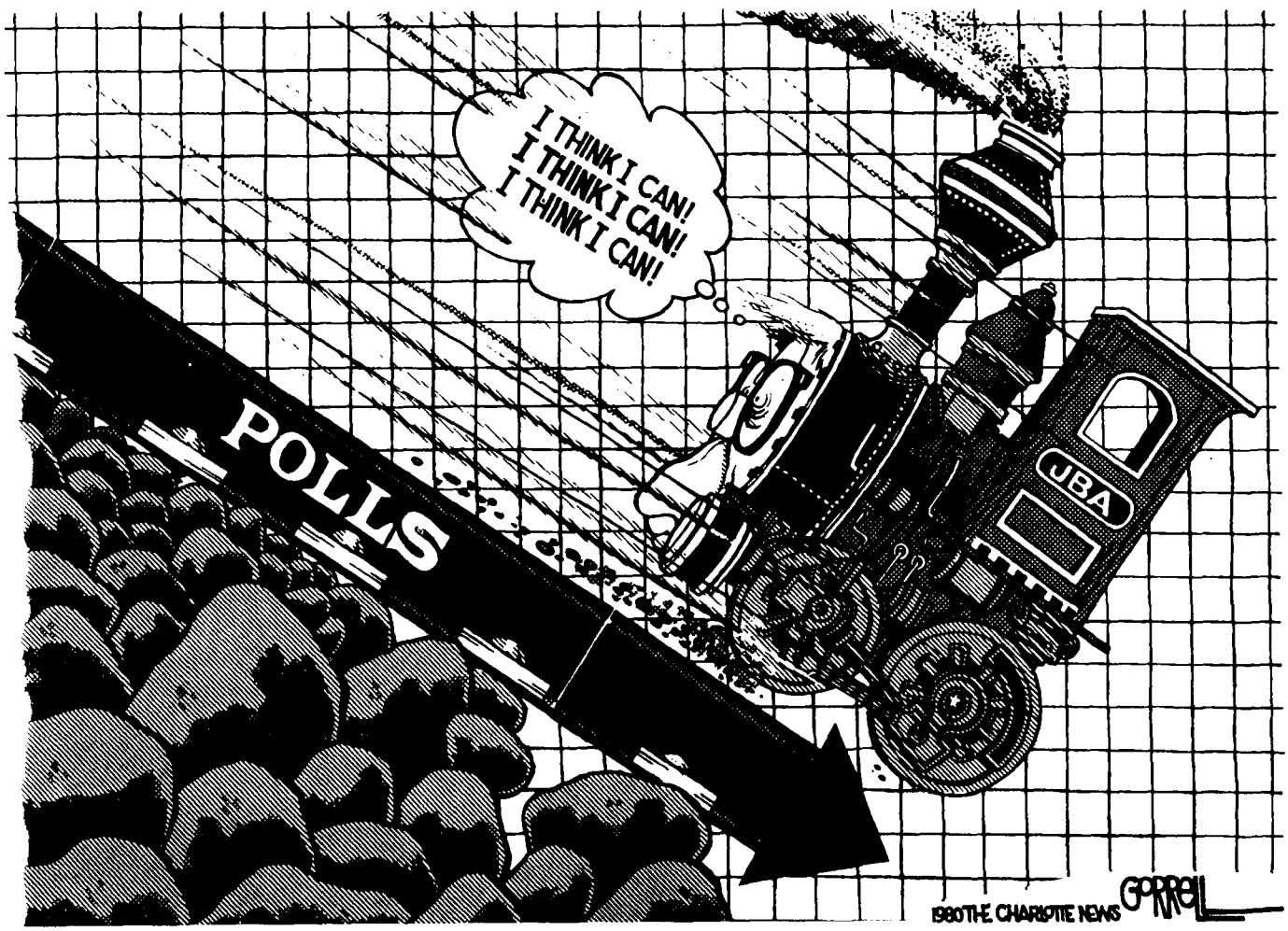
When you've checked out where it *should* be,
Looked in front of and behind it,
Then gone on to where it *could* be
But, exhausted, still can't find it,
Learn from someone who's been through it
What to do. (It's instantaneous
So that no one knows you blew it:)
Find it under MISCELLANEOUS.

—CORINNA MARSH



Ross Rothco

"Miss Jones, weren't there any founding mothers?"



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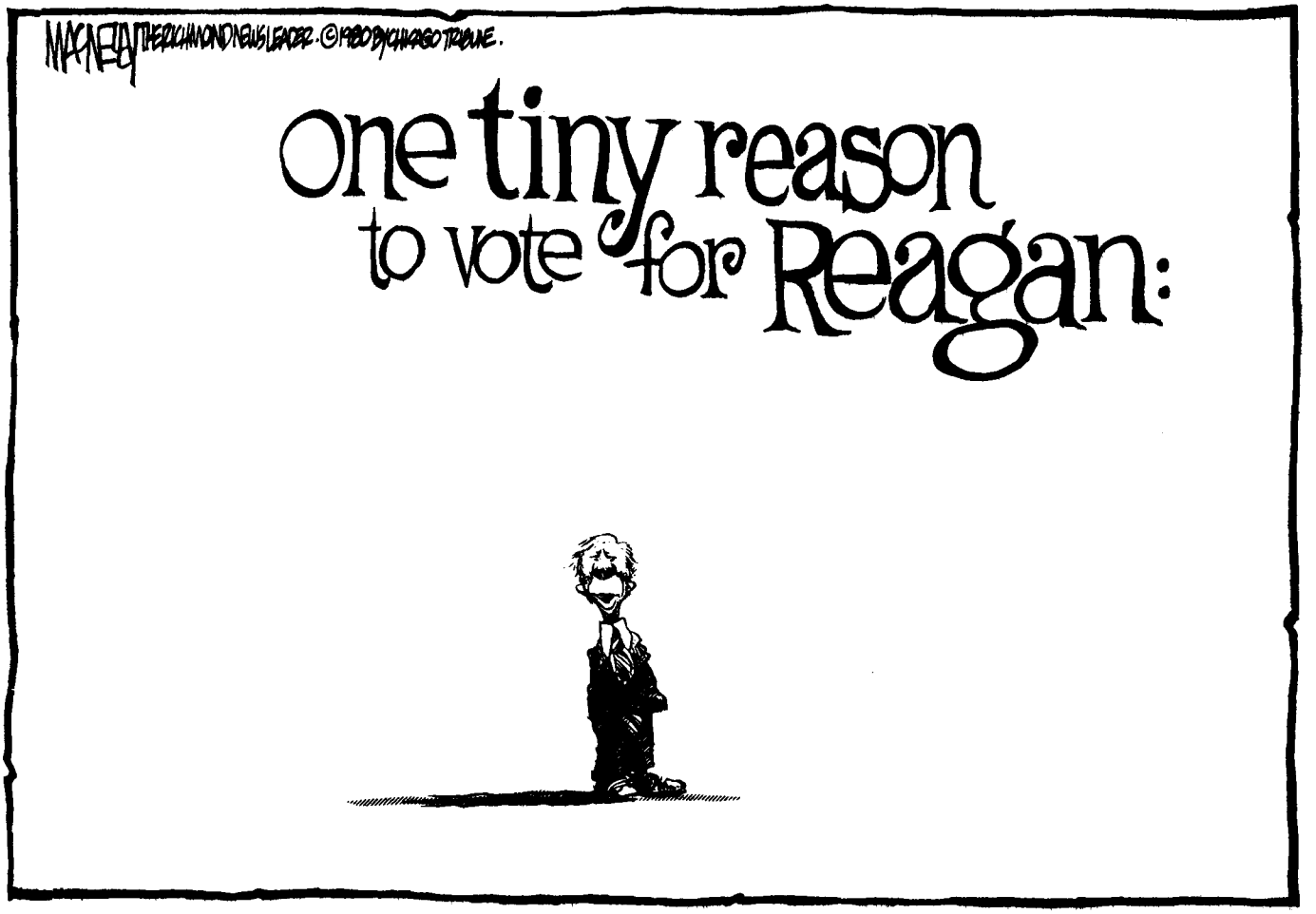

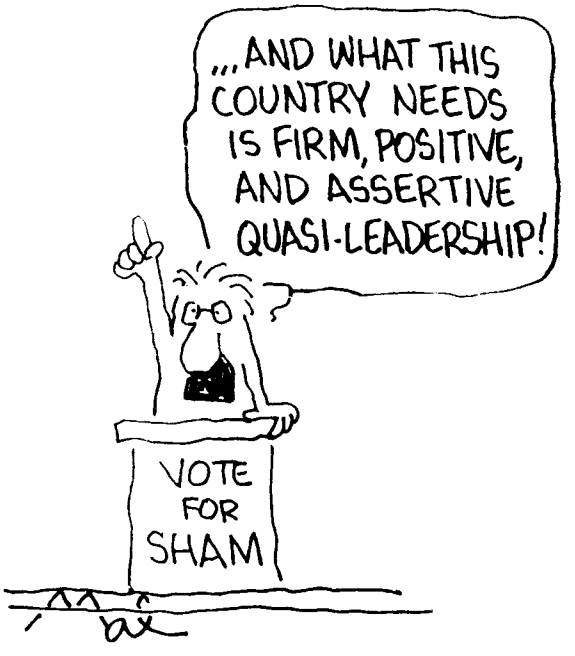

THE STRETCH RUN

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tials. Corrected analysis shows that the black return from truly comparable schooling now exceeds the white return, and that "unexplained" inferior earnings are concentrated among black males.

The problem of black male poverty arises at those income levels where AFDC (Aid to Families with Dependent Children) is more than competitive with work. At those levels black men work less hard than white men, although upward mobility is always dependent on exceeding the efforts of the better-credentialed competitors above. This lesser effort, though, is a reflection not of indolence but of singleness. These men lack the motivation conferred by familial demands and the strength imparted by marital support.

It is argued by most observers that female-headed families are a fact of life among the black poor. Since more than half of all black children are raised without fathers (compared to less than 20 per cent of whites), it is argued that the best way to help black children is to help their mothers. Whatever the situation of black men, it is maintained, black women suffer from double discrimination, both racist and sexist, and require massive aid and affirmative action.

As long as this argument prevails, black poverty will inevitably persist. Black women already earn 80 per cent as much money as black men, while white women earn less than 60 per cent as much as white men. Even feminist sociologists now concede that the *independence effect* conferred by high female incomes is an important cause of family breakdown among men and women of all races and educational levels. Any increase in the independence of black women, whether secured by welfare or by jobs, will only further increase the appalling percentage of black children raised without fathers.

The black leadership is increasingly oriented toward Washington as the source of all progress . . . and away from the risk-taking and enterprise that is the source of most wealth

In addition, there is very little evidence that black women suffer any discrimination at all, let alone in double doses. College-educated and professional black women earn 125 per cent as much as their white counterparts, and this is *without* correcting for quality differences in years of education. Across the entire economy, black female workers tend to earn about as much as whites and are more likely to have jobs and work hard in them. With appropriate corrections for background, presence of children, and other factors, it would appear that black women face no net current discrimination.

What they face is far worse: an impossible ghetto plague of divorce, separation, and illegitimacy, children living on the streets and beyond their control, and a dearth of loving and supporting husbands. This problem, made even more acute by well-intentioned officials in Washington, is an ordeal more bitter by far than any affliction of bigotry. Yet every year all the most prestigiously virtuous institutions of America—the liberal editorialists, the leading foundations, the most fashionable publishers and publications, the universities across the land in their social science classrooms, the Protestant churches in their group pronouncements—all urge with rare unanimity policies to make the problem worse. Beyond the ritual demands for more welfare, they call for campaigns to uproot what they call sexism. This effort could not come at a worse moment for black men. The danger is that it will uproot the family as well.

THERE is no way to reconcile the interests of black men with the cause of feminism. In their present pass, black men need a diminution of the emphasis on credentials and qualifications in the American economy and an increased stress on aggressiveness, competitiveness, and the drive to get ahead. These qualities have always been the chief assets of lower-class men as they contest for advancement with the groups above them and a key source of productivity in the economy. It is the greater aggressiveness of men, biologically determined but statistically incalculable, that accounts for much of their earnings superiority.

The biological factor is particularly important in giving black men their small edge over black women. Unlike the larger advantage of white men over white women, the black male superiority, according to statistical analyses, is almost entirely attributable to sexism. Because of the difficulty female-headed families face in disciplining boys, black women are several times more likely to have high IQs than black men and are substantially superior in academic performance. On credentials alone, black men would not be able to compete with either black or white women in employment or to function as preferable providers.

The biological differences in aggressiveness, though, is sufficiently real and important under most circumstances to sustain the male provider role. Even if it eludes most of the computer models that shows high levels of discrimination, the male impulse to compete and need to dominate affect all relations between the sexes. Feminist scholars Carol Jacklin and Eleanor Maccoby, chairman of the Stanford University department of psychology, sum up the relevant evidence in their voluminous study titled *The Psychology of Sex Differences.*

> 1) Males are more aggressive than females in all societies for which evidence is available. 2) The sex differences are found early in life, at a time when there is no evidence that differential socialization pressures have been brought to bear by adults to "shape" aggression differently in the two sexes. 3) Similar sex differences are found in man and subhuman primates. 4) Aggression is related to levels of sex hormones, and can be changed by experimental administrations of these hormones.

A related male trait—manifested in every human society but just as hard to capture in a computer study—is aptitude for group leadership. Partly a result of greater aggressiveness and larger physical stature, partly an expression of the male need to dominate (perhaps based on the neuro-physiological demands of the sex act itself), males in all societies

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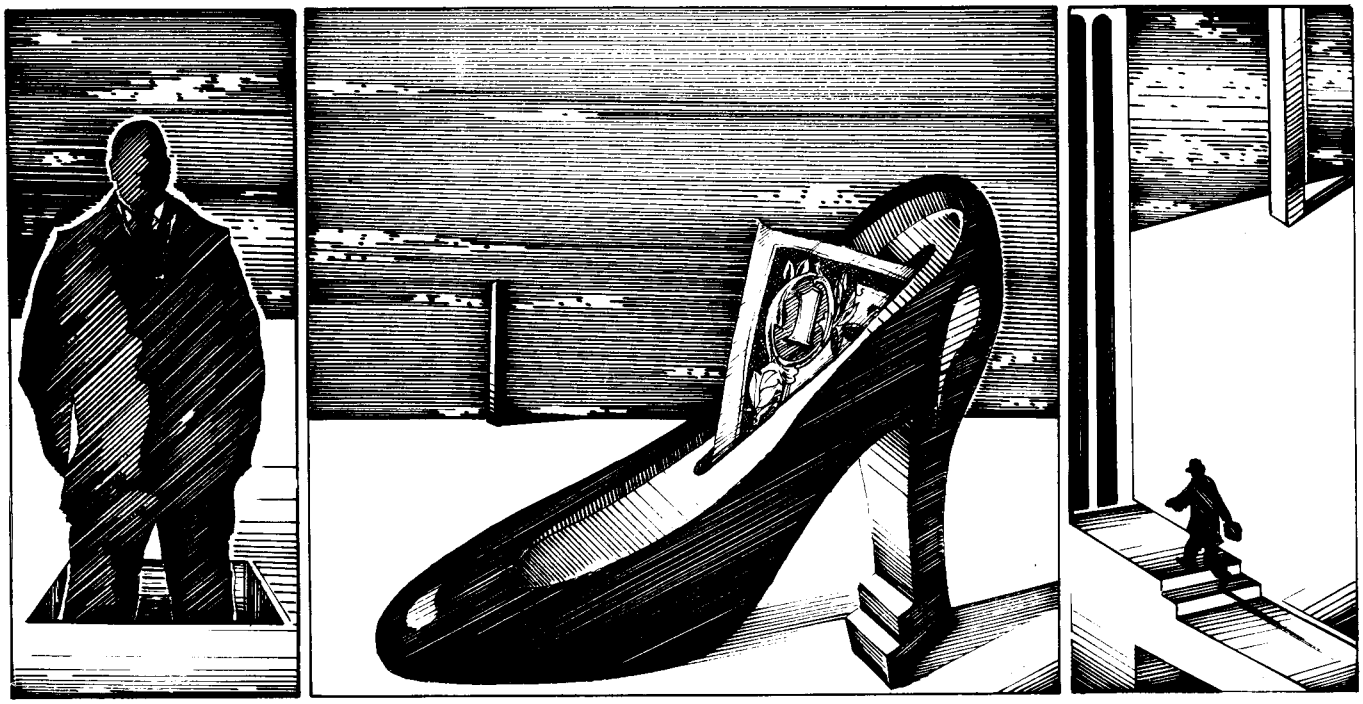

ever studied by anthropologists overwhelmingly outnumber women in positions of leadership and hold authority in relations with females. Steven Goldberg's rigorously argued book *The Inevitability of Patriarchy*, described by Margaret Mead as "flawless in its presentation of the data," refutes every anthropological claim that there has ever existed in human affairs either a society where women rule or a society where final authority resides with them in male-female relations.

Just as important as these biological differences are differences in familial roles. Because of the long evolutionary experience of the race in hunting societies, the provider role accords with the deepest instincts of men. When they are providing for women and protecting them, men feel masculine and sexual; when they cannot perform these roles, as in the welfare culture, they often prefer the company of the all-male group at the bar or on the street. Here they find an atmosphere that does not make the larger and deeper claims of familial and sexual love, which are hard for men to meet without a sense of masculine dominance.

These differences between men and women give ample explanation for the greater willingness of men to work hard outside the home, to compete aggressively for advancement in bureaucratic hierarchies, and to make earning money a prime motive in their lives. These differences between the sexes fully explain all gaps in earnings. What is peculiar and worthy of further analysis is not the edge black men have over their women but the reasons it is so inadequate to sustain the male role as provider and the father's place in the home.

One of the reasons, surely, is the activities of the equal-rights organizations. Even when they do not directly favor women (black or white) over black men, these agencies encourage employers everywhere to defend their personnel policies in documentary fashion. Citations of biological differences do not go far with Eleanor Holmes Norton, the black woman who became the head of EEOC in 1977 and symbolizes its current role. Even though the Washington agencies have sued in court to reduce emphasis on tests and credentials and even though an important victory was won in the case *Griggs* v. *Duke Power Company*, the overwhelming effect of continual federal surveillance of employment policies is to encourage companies to protect themselves with paperwork. It leads them to favor the documented qualifications of women over the drive and aggressiveness of men, even though studies of productivity show that its intangible sources in diligence and motivation are most important.

The result is that the anti-discrimination agencies have become an enemy of black progress nearly as deadly as the welfare system. Again, the impact falls not on the successful, who benefit from affirmative action, though they don't need it, but on the poor of all races. Just as the equal-rights campaign discriminates in favor of female credentials over male aggressiveness and drive, it also discriminates in favor of the established classes over the poor and in favor of the credentials that the rich and middle classes can buy over the competitiveness, hard work, and drive to get ahead that is the chief asset of the classes below.

This effect can be measured. When the job market is skewed in favor of women and well-credentialed men, the victims must be the men and women without documented qualifications who get ahead by working longer, harder, and more imaginatively. Again the computer analyses of discrimination show it: the group that supposedly benefits most from sexism is husbands, black or white, with 12 years of education or less and with large families to support. This, in fact, is the only group whose members seem to achieve income far beyond their education and background. The main impact of feminism is to take jobs and promotions away from these men and given them to educated women. This impact, moreover, does not chiefly derive from

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the immediate activities of EEOC and the other agencies. It stems from the overall influence of anti-bias policy on the attitudes and practices of employers.

This is only the beginning, however, of the negative impact of government on blacks. Government agencies make far more diligent efforts to recruit blacks than whites, visiting black campuses some twenty times more often on a proportionate basis. These efforts are bearing fruit, as some 25 per cent of all black PhDs work for government bureaucracies. The black leadership is increasingly oriented toward Washington as the source of all progress, toward discrimination as the root of all evil, and toward secure billets in bureaucracy and away from the risk-taking and enterprise that is the source of most wealth.

The last ethnic arrivals to emphasize politics and patronage as the key to success were the slowest rising of all the European immigrant groups: the Irish. The Irish triumphed magnificently in the electoral process, creating political machines that dominated city politics for generations and persist into the 1980s in Chicago, Albany, and other localities. But wealth does not derive from politics or from patronage sinecures; it comes from the competitive honing of skills and enterprise, from mastery of modern machines and technology, from a willingness to venture and create, from a sense of the margins of profit and loss. These assets are rarely cultivated in civil service or city offices. While the Irish dominated urban government, Jews, Poles, and Italians mastered the American economy.

Discrimination is not the problem of the American poor. To the extent they think it is, they will be unable to read the signals of the real world in which they live

One of the problems of government jobs is that many of them are best suited to women. It is perhaps relevant that the only previous group in America to provide as many big-city mayors as the blacks do now was also the only group to record comparable levels of female-headed families and male disorders such as riots and crime. One study of an Irish slum on the West Side of Manhattan at the time of the First World War indicated that half the families were headed by women. But, in any case, government jobs do not often lead to a business or professional career. They allow immediate consumption but not investment and savings.

The government probably does blacks no favor by hiring so much of their leadership class. It is even more certain that by cultivating a pervasive expectation of bias and futility, a posture of upward resentment and appeals for rights rather than upward movement and self-reliance, Washington is profoundly damaging the prospects of the black poor. At a time when it is hard to find discrimination anywhere, blacks are being induced to see it everywhere—to walk into the offices of American businesses anticipating racist rebuffs and looking always to the hostility of others rather than to their own behavior as the cause of their problems. This attitude would be destructive to success even if it were true most of the time, for it would prevent blacks from exploiting their real opportunities. But in a world of decreasing bias, the anticipation of it creates an ambivalent air of resignation and pugnacity unattractive to any employer. Discrimination is not the problem of the American poor. To the extent they think it is, they will be unable to read the signals of the real world in which they live.

NONETHELESS, throughout the 1970s many influential Americans, both black and white, seemed determined to perpetuate the idea of racism, the rhetoric of it, even as the reality evaporated. The real Southern sheriff, the strange fruit on Southern trees, the real historical segregation and savagery, North and South, were parodied and trivialized in a series of Seventies charades: lame notions like "subliminal racism," UN agitprop like "contraceptive genocide," judicial figments like "de facto segregation," statistical trumpery like "underutilization" of minorities, even the word *ghetto* itself, so common as to be unavoidable, yet charged with an ideology, vague and out of date, of racial grievance and sequestration.

It is as if there were some strong current in American thought that cherishes the idea of racism, that cannot, indeed, do without it. Many intellectuals, in particular, seem to feel yaws of emptiness and anxiety at the notion of an America (the real America in which we live) in which for all practical and political purposes—leaving aside the imagery of literature and the phantoms of the couch, James Baldwin's personal demons and Father Hesburgh's dim statistics, and leaving aside the way of all flesh to seek first its like and fear differences—the big threat of racism has become a bad joke by an Earl Butz or a Billy Carter.

The reasons for the strange nostalgia for bigotry are perhaps not unfathomable. But they are all the same false. There is a fear lurking in many a confident liberal heart that blacks cannot prevail in a truly free competition. The fear is itself invidious and wrong. The evidence all suggests that blacks will continue to surpass whites in such fields as athletics long after all barriers are down and that they are potentially equal in any other realm in which they choose to compete. But if racism is dead, blacks and their political patrons will not much longer be allowed to run the bureaucracies—or subsist intellectually on the rationales—of civil rights, affirmative action, busing, Equal Employment Opportunity suits, expanded welfare, and compensatory employment programs. There will be grounds to continue a few of these policies. But the idea that America is a racist society won't wash as a reason.

Past racism explains a good deal, but not enough, about the current condition of blacks in the United States. The demoralizing blandishments of the War on Poverty and the explosion of welfare explain much more. Millions of Americans, liberal and conservative, black and white, are going to have to reach the conclusion boldly asserted by Daniel Patrick Moynihan—"I was wrong"—on the effects of giving people money, and they will have to extend that humbling insight to such matters as denying in policy the sexual realities of people's lives. □

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GRENADA

Cold War in a Hot Country

RICHARD BUEL

THE TWO-WEEK celebration marking the first anniversary of Grenada's revolution is over now, the bunting and posters so selflessly donated by Cuba fading beneath the withering tropical sun. Delegates from the Soviet Union, East Germany, Kampuchea, Libya, Bulgaria, Vietnam, Nicaragua, and other "progressive" countries have made their token speeches against American imperialism and departed for their respective Workers' Paradises. Gone too are the comradely Cuban sign-painters responsible for the billboards dotting the Grenadian landscape, and carrying such revolutionary slogans as "LET US GROW WHAT WE EAT AND EAT WHAT WE GROW" and "IMPERIALISM IS OUR ENEMY—BE VIGILANT."

To the casual observer, in short, Grenada appears to have become once again that Caribbean Never-Never Land beloved of Club Med promoters and devotees of Harry Belafonte ballads. Native farmers harvest sugar cane, cruise ships disgorge their sunburned, camera-bedecked passengers, and the Land Rover hearse merrily plays "La Cucaracha" on its five-note horn as it trundles its funereal cargoes along the pot-holed roads. Ah, the tourist sighs, how quaint—an idyllic island of matchless beauty far removed from the world of international politics and strife. Or is it?

Something sinister lurks beneath Grenada's tranquil façade, a scheme conceived in the Kremlin, born in Dzerzhinsky Square, nurtured in Havana. Men, money, and matériel are being poured into tiny Grenada in generous quantities, even though there is little to spare either in economically crumbling Cuba or within the Soviet Union itself, where farmers still use horse-drawn plows just outside Vnukovo Airport, a few miles southwest of Moscow.

This Soviet largesse is being applied in Grenada in a variety of ways, foremost of which is the construction of an "International Airport" at Point Saline. This project employs 250 Cuban workmen under the direction of three Cuban and five East German engineers. The only native Grenadians working at the extensive, military-style Cuban camp are a few cooks and washerwomen. This encampment currently consists of 12 prefabricated wooden barracks designed to house forty men each, but the more garrulous Cubans report that a further eight barracks are being erected to accommodate two more Cuban contingents, who are expected to arrive in Grenada shortly.

Cuba has also provided 103 pieces of construction and earthmoving equipment worth an estimated $12 million. With the exception of five Japanese bulldozers, all of this equipment originates from the Soviet Union. And these pieces are not old, worn-out discards dumped on a backward little Caribbean island—the olive-drab Russian UAZ jeeps and KrAZ seven-ton trucks are new, identical to vehicles photographed in Afghanistan. The Soviet T-100M3 tractors and GAZ-66 military mobile command-post vehicles—the latter serving as offices at Point Saline—are also of recent vintage.

Since their arrival in December 1979, the Cuban construction battalion has done little on the "International Airport" site except build their camp and clear the brush from some five hundred acres of ground. Recently, though, their efforts have been directed toward the construction of a 1,600-yard airstrip two miles from the proposed international airport. Grenada's only surviving newspapers, the *Free West Indian* and the *New Jewel*—both owned by the People's Revolutionary Government and seemingly written by propagandists from *Granma* and *Pravda*—originally announced that this short airstrip was to be the site of "government housing for the poor." Two weeks later it suddenly became a "new highway to our International Airport" (paralleling the two-lane, dual-carriageway True Blue road some fifty yards away). The latest press releases refer to the nearly completed Cuban construction as "an executive airstrip for government officials and businessmen."

Executive airstrip? The only government or private aircraft permanently based on Grenada are a Cheyenne II loaned to Prime Minister Maurice Bishop by Fidel Castro and a Beechcraft owned by St. George's University Medical School. These are parked at Pearls Airport on Grenada's northeast coast—a perfectly adequate strip which has served as Grenada's tourist airport since World War II.

THE AIRSTRIP is not the only Cuban construction project. There is also a maritime facility going up along the shores of Egmont Harbor, a deepwater hurricane haven two and a half miles north of Point Saline. Yachting and naval experts consider Egmont Harbor one of the finest protected anchorages in the southern Caribbean. Here, the Cubans have erected three barracks, a large bunker, and a new road connecting the facility to Grenada's coastal highway. A piledriving barge is at work building a substantial jetty.

Egmont Harbor is surrounded by Calivigny Point, the site of Grenada's main military base. No official explanation has been offered for the Cuban maritime project here; meanwhile, more than a year ago the government shut down Grenada's only independent newspaper, *Torchlight*, for printing "vicious lies and destabilizing misinformation" about the military installations and activities at Calivigny Point. Since then, several private homes in the area have been confiscated "in the interests of national security."

One of the confiscated properties was owned by Donald Street, a well-respected American yachtsman and author of *A Cruising Guide to the Lesser Antilles*. Mr. Street reports that after a Russian trawler called at Grenada in 1970 (when the island was still under the jurisdiction of Great Britain), he and his wife were surprised to discover a contingent of close-mouthed Soviet crewmen snapping photographs and taking sightings

(Continues on page 1414)

Mr. Buel is a freelance writer who frequently visits Grenada.

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GOP PLATFORM

In Defense of the 'Litmus Test'

IRVING YOUNGER

THE JUDICIAL plank of this year's Republican Platform, committing the GOP to work for the appointment of judges "who respect traditional family values and the sanctity of innocent human life," has met with expressions of horror. It unbottles an ideological sorting demon, the denunciation goes, separating those worthy of judicial office in a Reagan Administration from those unworthy, not on the ground of merit but of belief. Since the plank was approved by a large majority of the Convention, there must be people willing to defend it. So far, though, they've been tongue-tied. Unless they snap out of it, the attack will succeed by default, leaving the Republican Party embarrassed by its apparent affront to the independence of the federal judiciary.

That would be regrettable. The judicial plank of the Republican Platform is too important to pass over in silence. If Republicans won't speak up for it, let a Democrat—a Democrat, moreover, who thinks the Supreme Court decided the abortion cases correctly.

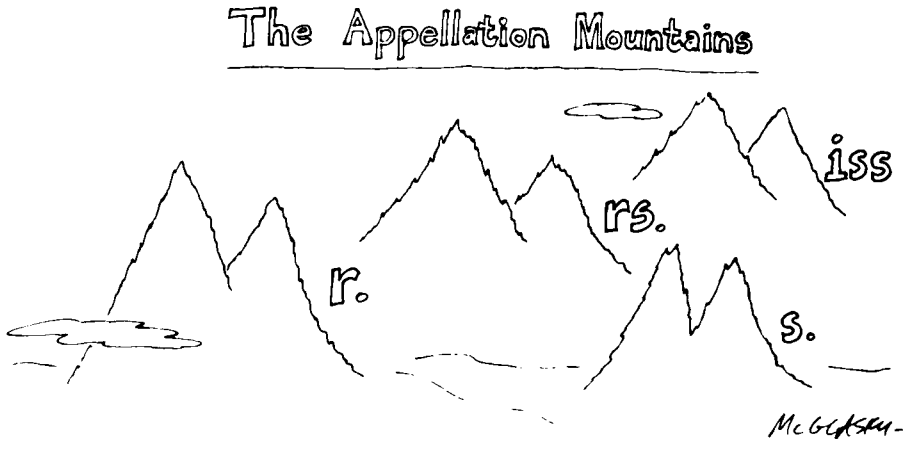
Questions of governmental power, economic entitlement, and social prerogative are the stuff of politics. In some countries, those questions are settled by parliamentary debate, in others by the bayonet. In the United States, uniquely, they are turned into legal questions which lawyers argue and judges answer. Alexis de Tocqueville, the most prescient of all students of America, first pointed this out 145 years ago: in the United States "judicial authority [is] invoked in almost every political context."

Mere technical ability is therefore only a part of the intellectual equipment an American lawyer or judge needs. Certainly he must know how to analyze a problem and look up precedents. But when a case involves a constitutional point—whether this satisfies due process or that violates equal protection—something more is necessary. To quote Learned Hand, "it is as important to a judge called upon to pass on a question of constitutional law, to have at least a bowing acquaintance with Acton and Maitland, with Thucydides, Gibbon, and Carlyle, with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton, with Machiavelli, Montaigne, and Rabelais, with Plato, Bacon, Hume, and Kant, as with the books which have been specifically written on the subject. For in such matters everything turns upon the spirit in which he approaches the question before him. The words he must construe are empty vessels into which he can pour nearly anything he will."

WHERE a judge is powerless to declare a statute unconstitutional, where the meaning of the constitution is determined by the legislature rather than the judiciary, where "public interest" litigation is unknown, as in England, there judges will be selected strictly on the basis of technical ability, usually measured by success in practice. In the United States, however, given the political nature of the decisions a federal judge is called upon to make, it is entirely proper that professional competence should never be the sole criterion for appointment to the federal judiciary. For a President not to insist upon some assurance of ideological congeniality in a prospective federal judge would be inconsistent with the true nature of federal judicial power.

Hence candidates for appointment to the federal bench must and ought to be politically acceptable to the President who nominates and the Senate which confirms them. At a minimum, Presidents look to a candidate's party affiliation. With minor exceptions (also attributable to political considerations), Democrats put Democrats on the bench and Republicans Republicans. *Marbury* v. *Madison* itself was the consequence of President Adams's determination to fill all judicial vacancies before President Jefferson took office. President Theodore Roosevelt appointed Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. to the Supreme Court because, he mistakenly thought, Holmes believed in busting trusts.

President Carter's policy on the federal judiciary, publicly stated by Attorneys General Bell and Civiletti, is to appoint "qualified" women, blacks, Hispanics, etc. The policy is not to appoint simply those persons who are best qualified (however their qualifications are weighed). It is to appoint women, blacks, Hispanics, etc., because they are women, blacks, Hispanics, etc., so long as they possess the ability to do the job. This policy of "democratizing" the federal judiciary, of making it more representative of the people, finds its explanation in the close and direct relationship between the work of a federal judge and the great questions of politics. The Carter Administration has appointed to federal judicial office many



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more women, blacks, Hispanics, etc., than its predecessors, and there has been no outcry, no excoriation, no claim of unseemly politicization of the bench. Rightly so. What the Carter Administration has done is dictated by the special role of the federal judiciary in American democracy.

It is precisely the special role of the federal judiciary in American democracy which justifies the Republican Platform's judicial plank. If the Republican Party believes the Constitution should be interpreted to allow a state legislature to proscribe abortion, of course the Republican Party should pledge itself to try to get people onto the Supreme Court who believe the same thing. As *Brown* v. *Board of Education* overruled *Plessy* v. *Ferguson*, so *Roe* v. *Wade* can someday be overruled. All it takes is five votes out of nine. Nothing about it is illegal, unpatriotic, ignorant, or insulting. Quite the contrary. It is in line with the way American government has worked from the start.

Any open-eyed observer will see that federal judicial authority and American politics deal with much the same thing. What is noteworthy about the Republican plank is the explicitness with which it recognizes the overlap. In its honesty the plank may have a significance beyond the 1980 election. It may portend a solution to perhaps the most troublesome riddle of our public life.

Federal judges administer prisons and run school systems. They tell state welfare commissioners what they must do and federal officials what they may not. Federal judges are arguably the most powerful group of men and women in America. The problem has been to explain the legitimacy of this enormous development of federal judicial authority in a Republic which lodges sovereignty in "we the people" and vindicates its policies on election day. The people do not directly participate in the appointment of federal judges. Federal judges hold their commissions for life. They are answerable only to judges of a higher court. If they are judges of the highest court, they are answerable only to themselves. These are the hallmarks of tyranny, not democracy. How can the federal judiciary be made to fit any coherent philosophy of American government?

The answer may be the answer suggested by the Republican Platform's judicial plank. Since the decisions the country asks federal judges to make are at bottom political decisions, the people's representatives ought to examine the beliefs, political and otherwise, of those under consideration. When a candidate's appointment and confirmation are informed by the disclosure of his views on the great questions of politics likely to come before him, his later decisions giving effect to those views will be quickened by the people's consent—which is what we mean when we say that we govern ourselves.

In principle, then, the Republican judicial plank is altogether defensible. Whether the particular issues the plank mentions were wisely chosen and whether the position espoused is the prudent one are another story. It is on the particulars, not the principle, that this Democrat would vote against the plank. Asked what he prefers in its place, he offers the following:

We pledge ourselves to work for the appointment to the federal judiciary of men and women who are able lawyers and who possess breadth of learning, the habit of candor, and a sense of the tears and laughter of things, not excluding themselves. □

Fun*versation*: Jimmy Carter And the Hunchback of Notre Dame

Quasimodo: What are you doing up here?
Jimimodo: I'm told you have an inordinate fear
Of guesswork. Is this so?
Quasimodo: They way I'm built, one unsightly hunch and Hugo
Right up the gargoyle. You got a cure?
Jimimodo: Sure.
It's a marvelous medicine concocted by the alchemists of the Left Bank
Think Tank.
With the delightful trade name of "Calmunism."
Quasimodo: Before I'd swallow anything from those Calmie quacks, I'd have to quiz 'em.
How about the side-effect?
Something that good I right away suspect
Of provoking things like stone blindness, ex-cathedrism, and bats in the belfry.
Jimimodo: This medicine is guaranteed to make you affluent, happy, well, free
Of inordinate anything.
Quasimodo: Including ringing
In the tympanum?
Jimimodo: Look, chum,
Enough
Of this inordinate fear of hunches. I've pre-tested the stuff.
Quasimodo: Are you saying that you yourself once had a hunch?
Jimimodo: I once had a bunch,
But I'm down now to just one.
Quasimodo: One is a lot more fun,
When you learn to swing with it. Yours, however, doesn't seem to show.
Jimimodo: I know.
That's because I have those alchemists working on it night and day.
But it still won't go away.
Quasimodo: Well, if it proves out, I have a job for you next January as a second-stringer
Notre Dame bell-ringer.

—Johannes Eff

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LETTER FROM OTTAWA

A Mathematician's Gamble

DONALD COXE

THE CURRENT flap over bringing control of the Canadian constitution to Canada could develop into a crisis serious enough to threaten the nation. That such a seemingly unnecessary provocation should be introduced at a time of major domestic strains is because Pierre Trudeau has chosen to gamble his—and the nation's—future on an imponderable bet.

He demonstrated in February that he can rule Canada as long as he wishes. As master of the inexorable electoral mathematics, he proved the theorem that a sweep of Quebec, a majority in Ontario, and a split in the East are all that is necessary for majority rule. That no Liberals were elected west of Winnipeg was simply demonstration that the West's consent to Liberal rule is superfluous.

Trudeau then turned his gaze to the other ballot battle as he crushed Quebec's separatists in the referendum. As the most popular politician in Quebec, he was the one man who could face down provincial Premier René Lévesque. Again, he knew that he could count on near-total support from non-French voters, and needed only a split among Francophones. His mathematics was again devastating.

Unclimbed Mountain

With no electoral worlds left to conquer, Trudeau has now embarked on what is, for him, an uncharacteristic venture: a gamble. Although personally daring in such activities as white-water canoeing and marriage, Trudeau's continued political success derives, in part, from his caution. Rhetorically audacious, in practice he has been unwilling to take big legislative risks.

Rewriting a constitution is the ultimate challenge to a democratic politician. Most other good or evil things he does will not live after him, but a new constitution assuredly will not be interred with his bones. For Trudeau it is the unclimbed mountain that he must finally ascend. During a career marked by zigzags from extreme socialism to moderation to spasmodic conservative witches, there has been one constant in his viewpoint: the future of French Quebec lies in a united Canada, not in a separatist backwater.

Lévesque and Trudeau were once allies, and they still agree in their love of Big Government. Their disagreement is on which government should look after the important things, including those requisite for the survival of French culture. Lévesque relies on a Quebec government elected by the French majority; Trudeau wants a federal government elected by the English majority, ruled by a French-dominated party, and constrained by a constitution which entrenches French language and employment rights across the nation.

Trudeau senses that now is the time to "patriate" the British North America Act, Canada's constitution, which is an act of the British Parliament, and to add to that statute a charter of basic liberties. Although all provincial premiers except Ontario's Bill Davis oppose him, he is determined to ram through Parliament an address to Westminster requesting a transfer. Backed by the biggest advertising campaign in the nation's history, he has mobilized a majority in the opinion polls.

Ontario's support is the key to this maneuver, and it has been obtained the same way Trudeau got it in the election: by promising Ontarians a continued supply of cheap oil and gas from Alberta. Under the constitution, federal economic powers would be strengthened, a code phrase for saying that the areas of the country which elected Trudeau will be subsidized from the non-renewable resources of the areas which rejected him. Since there are more of the former than the latter, Trudeau can assure a doubtful Margaret Thatcher that her government should bow to the will of the Canadian majority.

There are two gambles in this strategy: Trudeau risks shattering the country by treating the West in what not only Western premiers but Tory leader Joe Clark calls "tyrannical" fashion, and he risks a crisis if Margaret Thatcher declines to introduce legislation backed by the party whip.

Already many British MPs have expressed concern that their legislature could be used to defeat the legitimate aspirations of a large segment of Canada. Constitutional lawyers are divided on whether Westminster must accept anything tendered by Ottawa in the face of provincial opposition. But if the British Tories rebuffed Trudeau, he would unquestionably resort to the demagogic argument that the British were oppressing a French-Canadian leader in favor of provincial premiers who happen to have names like Lougheed, Peckford, Buchanan, Bennett, and MacLean.

High-Handed Mounties

Thus Trudeau's gamble has become Canada's gamble. His pious arguments for entrenchment of civil liberties are preposterous, given his own habit of resorting to arbitrary measures. While the federal-provincial conference was discussing the bill of rights, Trudeau's police raided the offices of two of Canada's biggest businessmen, looting their files and even taking their appointment books. This was not in pursuance of criminal prosecution, because no charges have been laid, but to get evidence for a Royal Commission examining ownership of newspapers. It did not provoke an outcry, partly because the selective indignation of the media was not aroused by an assault on business leaders, but also because most Canadians have become anaesthetized to raids by the Mounties.

Trudeau is gambling that he can leave a legacy of *grand gouvernement*—a big Ottawa government running the land with either a French accent or a truly bilingual spirit. Whatever the merits of his case, he has chosen to bet on a table where the ultimate odds are unknowable. We were all safer when he relied on mathematics. □

Mr. Coxe, NR's Canadian correspondent, is Executive Vice President of MuCana Investment Counseling Ltd.

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THE WAR BETWEEN THE SEXES

Patton Inspects a Girls' Corps

S. L. VARNADO

SCENE: *A barracks of women soldiers at a lonely outpost in No Person's Land. After a hard day's fighting, the girls sit around relaxing. Bras and pantyhose hang from the rafters; perfume bottles, cosmetic cases, and bayonets adorn the footlockers; and several of the girls are blow-drying their hair.*

FIRST SOLDIER: Say, Mindy, watcha wearing to formation tomorrow?

SECOND SOLDIER: Gee, I don't know, Rhonda. I think maybe I'll wear my olive drab trousers with my fatigue blouse. Except that they don't match my low quarters.

A SERGEANT *(cleaning a rifle with a bobby pin):* Girls, could one of you possibly lend me some mascara? Mine's dried out.

FIRST SOLDIER: Take mine, Sarge. On the footlocker—next to my machine gun.

(At that moment a lieutenant enters, and the girls laughingly stand at attention.)

LIEUTENANT: Sorry, girls! Hate to break up the fun, but I've got an announcement. We're going to have one of those nasty old inspections again. *(Cries of "Just when I was fixing to wash my hair!" "Don't they have any consideration?" etc.)* It seems some bigshot from Headquarters is coming down to look us over. Name's Patton—one of those old-fashioned chauvinist types. High Command says that if we can convince him, we can convince anybody.

(Distant sound of fifes and bagpipes playing the Patton *theme. Roar of a motorcade, and above it a high, nasal voice screaming curses. Patton strides into the barracks, slapping some of his aides. He wears the full regalia: several revolvers, helmets, scarves, sashes, medals, etc.)*

PATTON: All right, you poignant pinheads, stand at attention. Now, I'm General George S. Patton, star of stage, screen, and occasionally battlefield. Known by the quaint appellation of Old Blood and Guts, I am a tough—if histrionic—old soldier, noted for reckless profanity and on occasions a certain almost girlish delicacy. I write poetry, quote the Bible, and slap people. *(Peers around craftily at the girls.)* What the hell is going on here? This place looks like a seraglio. *(Double take.)* Actually, I've never seen a seraglio. *(Slapping an aide.)* Have the research department prepare me a file on seraglios.

AIDE: Sir, let me explain. This is one of the Army's new Lady Corps. These are fighting women of the new school: tough, double-jointed, foul-mouthed *femmes fatales*. They're totally androgynous.

PATTON *(slapping him):* Watch your language. *(He sniffs loudly and cuts his eyes around craftily, a trick he could do almost as well as George C. Scott.)* All right, we'll give them a try. Now then, you bastards—line up two abreast. *(Double take.)* No, wait! Cancel that. It sounds dirty. Give me a column of twos.

(The girls shuffle into formation. Patton strides down the line, puckering his lips, sniffing, cutting his eyes around—the whole works. He seems satisfied until he reaches a young recruit at the end of the line. She bursts into tears.)

PATTON: What's the matter with you, soldier?

SOLDIER *(weeping hysterically):* It's just *everything*, sir. The dirt, the broken fingernails, the runs in the hose. I . . . I guess I just can't take it any more.

PATTON *(flashing his famous sadistic smile):* You know what's wrong with you, soldier? You're just a yellow-bellied little coward.

SOLDIER *(bawling):* I admit it. I hate it all . . . I just want to be left alone.

PATTON *(enraged):* I won't have this little coward stinking up this company of heroes. Hell, I've got a notion to . . .

(He draws back his hand, but the girl shrieks, leaps upon him, slaps him several times, and chases him around the barracks, swinging a purse at him. Patton jumps out a window.)

PATTON *(lying on ground outside barracks, surrounded by his quivering aides):* What in the hell was that all about? What got into that soldier?

AIDE: Well, sir, to tell you the truth . . .

PATTON: Out with it.

AIDE: Well, sir . . . it was . . . well, it was *that time of month.*

(UP: Patton *theme played double time, and a long shot of the motorcade getting the hell out.)* □

Mr. Varnado is a professor of English at the University of South Alabama.

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THE KUNG CONTROVERSY

Rome and Revisionism

CHARLES STINSON

HANS KÜNG'S recent resignation from the official Catholic Chair of Theology at Tübingen—an uncharacteristically sensible move on his part—has deprived journalists of the considerable pleasures of covering a church-state battle in a German court. The "Küng case," however, is by no means over. He now occupies a free "Ecumenical" Chair at Tübingen and is planning a triumphant tour of the United States later this fall. And he *is* telegenic. With his thick curly locks and a degree of resemblance to Maximilian Schell, he's going to be a natural on the *Today Show* and *Good Morning America*. Get ready for him.

Nevertheless, despite his claim that he remains a "Catholic priest," Küng is almost certainly on his way out as a Roman Catholic writer. The "exit sign" is clearly visible on the theological autobahn ahead of him, as Malachi Martin wrote some time ago in these pages (*NR*, February 8).

Edward Schillebeeckx, the dignified, silver-haired Flemish Dominican, may not escape a Vatican censure either, despite his more cooperative attitude toward Rome. Only time will tell.

What time will not tell very clearly if at all is what the *theological* dispute is about. Exactly what—or how much—do Küng and Schillebeeckx deny? And why is Rome so upset about it? These cases come and go. But the faith-and-doctrine issues underlying them will recur to bother Christians long after the dossiers on Frs. Küng and Schillebeeckx have been filed away in the Vatican archives. The two men have many allies and sympathizers in the progressist wing of the post-Conciliar Roman Church. You will see more of the same in years to come.

It might be helpful, then, to try to isolate and examine the basic theological problems raised by the two cases. There are a number of issues involved, but only four are really urgent. And two of those four are fairly simple and straightforward: the virginal conception of Jesus, and His bodily resurrection.

1. Küng declares matter-of-factly that the virginal conception is, of course, a profoundly significant legend—a "meaningful symbol"—which first century Christians used to glorify the mission of Jesus. Schillebeeckx in his most recent public writing is more guarded, more sophisticated. But he, too, implies that the virginal conception is not a "historical" event. It is a "theological reflection . . . not new informative data."

2. On the resurrection, the crucial question is whether the corpse of Jesus was transformed into a "spiritual body" (Paul's phrase), or whether it was left behind unchanged in the tomb—as something essentially unconnected with Jesus' eternal life. Influenced by a skeptical naturalism, both Küng and Schillebeeckx sever the link between resurrection and body—"the physiologically identical body," Küng calls it deprecatingly. As for the "Empty Tomb" story, it is, Schillebeeckx says, no more than a Jerusalem "cult legend."

The very keystone of the message of the resurrection is thus knocked out. And this despite Paul's extremely early testimony—dating from a mere two or three years after Easter. Paul reports that the first Christians believed not only in Christ's "appearances" but that He had also been "buried" and "risen on the third day."

These doctrinal issues—the yes-or-no questions—are simple enough, then. It is clear that for Küng and Schillebeeckx the answer is no. And there is no "hermeneutic" mystification or exegetical maneuvering which can hide that basic fact.

3. The "infallibility" question: this is Küng's special turf. And the matter is a bit more complex. In his 1970 essay "Infallible? An Inquiry," he declares that the infallibility of the Pope and the Church is an exaggerated and mistaken idea derived largely from the nineteenth century's "rationalistic" notions of "truth." Papal infallibility in particular is a hindrance to ecumenical progress. Only God and "His Word" are "infallible," Küng assures us. And this excludes any mere creaturely response to God. Scriptures, Councils, Popes are all fallible.

However, he adds, they are also "indefectible." Though they can and do *err from* the Truth, the Holy Spirit will always bring them *back to* the Truth. The Spirit will somehow always "maintain the Church in the Truth." That is the Church's wonderful "indefectibility." A pleasant-sounding thesis. Very pious. There is one small problem with it. When we examine it closely, we find that "indefectibility" logically presupposes some degree of "infallibility."

Elusive 'Truth'

If the writers of the Scripture, if Council Fathers and Popes cannot *attain to* theological Truth and express it in stable, trustworthy *concepts and propositions*—and Küng claims that as "fallible" creatures they cannot do so—then it is difficult to understand how the Church can be *brought back to* or "*maintained in* the Truth" by the Spirit. There would be, in Küng's theory, at most only a series of *attempts* at "Truth" by a pilgrim Church. But the attempts could never really succeed. There could never be any clearly identifiable "truths" for the Church to be brought back to or maintained in.

Either a non-sequitur is rattling around in here somewhere, or Küng has, implicitly, an irrationalist view of revelation, a non-coherent concept of Christian "truth" as emotional "fidelity" to Christ. Some such notion is probably at the bottom of his thought; but he presents it only in a very dim and sketchy way, without much philosophical sophistication.

Küng does not seem able to understand the simple basic point: *if* the Spirit guides the Church, as he says It does, then the Spirit necessarily guides her to, among other things, *correct conceptual decisions* on the most central

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and vital matters of faith. For example, the Church was "infallibly" right to choose Athanasius over Arius at Nicaea. And that decision—upholding the full Divinity of Christ—remains correct today. It has served and continues to serve as a foundation for many later developments, precisions, and clarifications. Newman can still be read with profit on that topic.

Muddled Theology

There is doctrinal continuity between yesterday, today, and tomorrow in the Church, as Jesuit Fr. Karl Rahner pointed out to Küng almost ten years ago.

If we follow Küng's "fallibilist" approach to doctrine, however, that continuity disappears. He really cannot deal —except very awkwardly—with Nicaea or any other crucial juncture of Christian history. Regardless of what happens at Tübingen—whether he remains a hero there or not—his theological thesis remains muddled. And that's putting it kindly.

4. Finally, there is the question of the Divinity of Christ. Schillebeeckx, who is a far profounder and more scholarly writer than Küng, was summoned to Rome last December because of his interpretation of Christ in his magnum opus, *Jesus: An Experiment in Christology*.

He has decided to break with the metaphysical ideas and categories traditionally used to describe the divinity and uniqueness of Jesus: "person," "nature," "substance," "subsistence," "essence," and so on.

This is "ontology," a "being-language" which tries to catch and understand the "essences" and "natures" of things. It aims beyond transient phenomena to the more stable domain of "being." It is the language of the Church Fathers, who used Neoplatonic philosophy to interpret the New Testament. It has shaped the Creeds and theology for over a millennium and a half and is comfortably familiar—if not entirely intelligible—to most Christians on one level or another. You can hear church choirs singing it every Sunday: ". . . consubstantial with the Father . . ."

Schillebeeckx grants that the old language—Christ is "one Divine Person" or "Subsistence" with a "divine nature" and a "human nature"—is true in itself. And it served its own time well enough. He himself used to consider it adequate and thus worth preserving and translating for twentieth century audiences. But now he's changed his mind. The classical metaphysics, he says, is just not in tune with modern thought and cannot any longer be put in tune with it. The effort is culturally futile. Accordingly, he junks the old language.

In its place he substitutes, as do many present-day theologians, a newer language which derives its categories from psychology and a popularized existentialism: Jesus' "unique experience" of God, His "Abba" or "Father"; the "authentic reality" of that "experience"; Jesus' "belonging" to His Father, etc. (Küng takes much the same approach to Christ.)

This sort of free substitution of concepts and terms in the interpreting of Christ's Divinity has been going on since the mid-nineteenth century in liberal Protestant circles. But only since the mid-1960s have some progressist Catholics been bold enough to move publicly in this direction.

To be sure, the old and new languages can be combined and harmonized easily enough. It's not an either/or situation. "Person," "subsistence," and "nature" can be correlated rather nicely with modern concepts of "God-experience" and "belonging" to God. For example, if Jesus' "human nature subsists" in a special way in the "being" of God, what might a present-day theologian try to deduce from that about Jesus' conscious human experience? What was it probably like historically? What might it be like in eternity? Rahner is particularly skillful at this correlating-and-updating technique, and Schillebeeckx was no slouch at it either, ten or 15 years ago.

The question is whether the classical approach to Christ is to be preserved and used alongside the newer approach, with the two supplementing each other, or whether the classical metaphysics is to be jettisoned as excess intellectual baggage.

Merely a Prophet

Conservative Christians, Protestants and Catholics alike, tend to be suspicious of the psychological interpretation of Christ—especially if it stands all by itself. To them it seems too "subjective," too humanizing. They fear that it will end up reducing the transcendent Mystery of Christ to excessively rationalized terms: Jesus as merely a prophet-saint with a deep or maximum experience of God; Jesus as greater in degree than other men but not *qualitatively* different from them in any way —and therefore not absolutely unique.

"Monday mornings she can't cope . . ."

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The old ontology certainly guarded against this kind of reductionism when it spoke of an unparalleled "subsistence" of Jesus' "human nature" in the very "being" of God. Language like that is very firm, very objective in its connotations, and fixed. It is a statement of faith placed beyond the vagaries of "modern" feelings and current cultural trends.

No one can be certain that a purely psychological-existential interpretation of Christ, without an ultimate metaphysical framework, can finally avoid sliding down into a reductive humanism, a romantically "spiritualized" secularity with a thin veneer of New Testament language: Jesus as a major "paradigm" or "symbol" of man's moral, sociopolitical, and religious strivings.

Here is the theological bottom-line—and the anxiety point: belief in the *real transcendence and uniqueness* of Christ. The issue is obviously central to Christian faith, and the Vatican is not cranky or obscurantist to worry about it.

A 'Full' Tomb

You don't need the gift of prophecy or ESP to predict Rome's responses to the future Küngs and Schillebeeckxes who will be publishing challenges to Tradition. Denials of the virginal conception of Jesus and out-and-out rejections of the Church's infallibility will continue to be unacceptable, and their proponents will be censured. Attempts to disconnect the risen Christ totally from his natural body will also be rejected. The Papacy is not going to declare that the "Empty Tomb" was, in fact, rather full of rotting flesh and bones.

Rome will probably permit the psychological-existential approach to the Divinity of Christ to be used—very, *very* carefully as a supplement to the metaphysical approach. But Rome will never let it entirely replace metaphysics. By themselves the categories of human psychology are too frail to bear the full weight of the New Testament message of Incarnation.

So, as you watch your morning paper or the TV screen for further news from Tübingen, from Holland, and from a number of other such places, keep your eye on the basic theological points—which you won't be seeing in the mass media. □

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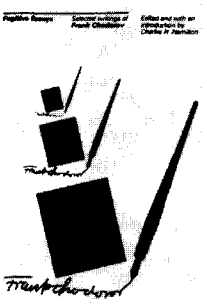

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Four Generals

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

WHETHER WE like it or not, we are living in a decidedly ideological age. And while conservatives have traditionally shied away from ideologies and utopias, they'd better learn to adjust to them. In the battle for hearts and minds, pragmatism simply cannot compete with the ideals, the martyrs, and above all the *passion* of ideology.

Consider the West's reaction to four significant events around the world: the deaths of two leaders, Franco in 1975 and Tito earlier this year; and then, this September, the plebiscite in Chile and the military takeover in Turkey.

Francisco Franco would be hard to place on an ideological spectrum if one approached him without preconceptions. He was no royalist—in fact, he came from a notoriously republican family. His brother Ramón began his career by dropping leaflets advocating the King's abdication from his private plane. Franco was never terribly popular during his lifetime, but today most Spaniards acknowledge that he kept Spain out of World War II, saved the lives of forty thousand Jews, kept the domestic peace, emancipated women, introduced a social security system, eliminated illiteracy, created a middle class, and modernized industry. But Franco's death caused scarcely a ripple in international affairs, and few prominent foreigners attended his funeral.

The Chic Funeral

Tito's funeral, by contrast, was a great political and social event, attended by representatives of all the nations of the Free World (indeed, Carter's absence was widely regarded as gauche). Tito was unquestionably shrewd. He successfully out-maneuvered both Stalin and the West (for which he earned the wide-eyed admiration of the Western press); he was also among the most ruthless executioners of our time. His last massacres—of the Albanians in the Kossova region—took place *after* his break with Moscow.

Then there is the case of the Slovenian Domobranci, who protected their villages against Tito's Partisans and then, losing hope, fled to Austria in 1945. Six thousand of the Domobranci, rounded up by the British Army, were assured that they would be sent to Italy. Instead, they were shipped back to Yugoslavia, where they were butchered without exception in the most brutal manner. Yet, the six thousand Domobranci were only a small fraction of the Yugoslav holocaust.

The military takeover by General Evrem in Turkey this September was greeted with a collective sigh of relief across most of Europe. Political terrorism in that country had reached an intensity which put Turkey's survival in jeopardy, and, in turn, threatened NATO. The two major parties (one left and one right of center) could not agree on appropriate measures to control the terrorists, who include Maoists, Communists, Islamic fanatics, and hysterical nationalists.

But the Turkish crisis goes deeper than political terrorism. Modern Turkey has been born in stages, desperately struggling to establish an identity. More than 150 years ago, the Sultan defeated the fanatical Janissaries in a bloody revolution. The secular victory was sealed by the abolition of the turban and its replacement by the fez as the national headgear of Turkey. Countless Turks died because they rejected the fez, as a symbol of godlessness. Then, in the years before World War I, came the Young Turks. They were liberal (or, if you remember the Armenians, not so liberal) nationalists who attempted to force Sultan Abdul Hamid to rule as a constitutional monarch. They were followed by Ataturk, who completed the process of refashioning Turkey into a secular state. He severely restricted the freedom of all religions (not only of Islam), expelled the strong Greek minority, and abolished the fez. (Again, many Turks died—this time for wearing it.) Ataturk also, observed one foreign diplomat, taught "the Turks to spit on the graves of their ancestors."

And their ancestors were a mixed lot. The original Osmanic Turks were a relatively small Turkish-Tartar tribe with a yellowish complexion and Oriental eyes. They mingled in Asia Minor with a mixture of Hittites, Lydians, Phrygians, Medes, Armenians, and Greeks. All were eventually Osmanized and Islamized; yet while some Turks identify with their Turkmen, Tartar, or Uzbek ancestors, others remember their Hittite past—just as some modern Egyptians identify with the Arabs, others with their ancient Egyptian ancestors. But ancestral rivalries apart, modern Turkey is beset by economic, social, and military problems. Political and ideological battles have been tearing the country apart. And so, for the second time since World War II, and with very little fuss, the military has taken over.

Anybody but Allende

In the plebiscite in Chile, President Pinochet's government won two-thirds of the vote. I have visited Chile half a dozen times, both before and after the military takeover, and spoken to people from every stratum of society, so I was not surprised by the vote—most Chileans would prefer anything to Allende. In the economic sphere, especially, Chile has considerably improved since Allende's overthrow. In covering the plebiscite, the European press paid most attention to an anti-Pinochet protest meeting addressed by Eduardo Frei, the leader of the Christian Democrats. Some papers refused to cover the plebiscite, believing that the results would be rigged; those that did mention it were flooded with letters of protest.

The West's reaction to these four generals—Tito, Franco, Evrem, and Pinochet—is evidence of the power of ideology. The hostility to Franco and Pinochet is a reaction not to the brutality of their regimes, but to their success at eliminating Communists from their respective countries. General Evrem's coup is perceived as non-ideological, hence the silent assent to his rule. Tito was much admired in the West because he seemed to be what the West so passionately seeks: a Communist with a human face. Until conservatives can overcome their aversion to ideology, this Finlandization can be expected to continue. We cannot escape from our ideological age. □

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Lust In The Eyes

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

JIMMY CARTER said it first. Sometimes he lusts in his heart. I wish Pope John Paul II had not said anything about lust, so soon after Jimmy. In the United States at least (and, there is reason to believe, elsewhere) lust is having a big century. The first century, A.D., is said to hold the record, which the Medici and friends in the sixteenth were trying to crowd, but the twentieth is (according to the latest polls) the nearest competitor. Lust is big today.

Feminists do not like Pope John Paul II. On the other hand, feminists applaud new laws against, for example, rape in marriage. *Rape in marriage?* Is there a look in a man's eyes before or during rape in marriage? A look which regards his wife as an object? Consider a husband who gets drunk, whacks the children, beats his wife, demands intercourse, uses force. Has he a look in the eye?

Pope John Paul II seems to think that such cases arise. He thinks that such cases have little to do with genuine matrimonial love or healthy sex. He thinks they are an aberration from nature, an offense against human personality and dignity, an affront to the Creator.

Consider, too, sexual harassment on the job. Apparently, it happens. Enough so that the government has new agencies which watch for it. The churches no longer police virtue. The state does.

How right were those innocent nuns who taught us in seventh grade! They warned us against the big, bad world, darkly hinted that terrible things happen out there in the marketplace, for which we ought to be prepared. It appears that Gail Sheehy, Mary Cunningham, Jane O'Reilly, Kate Millett, Germaine Greer, and other nice Catholic girls taught by the good sisters were listening well. They went out into the big, bad world. And what did they find? Rape, sexual harassment, cruel gossip, a lamentable lack of chastity and of its concomitant, personal dignity. There is a secret bond between "the new chastity" of the feminists and education in Catholic schools. We have witnessed in our time a rebellion of nice Catholic girls against the ways of wayward men.

The sisters of today—how apt the name!—want the rules of sexual conduct re-written. Their own ideas of chastity, of course, are not exactly those of the nuns who taught them. They want it both ways: chastity on their own terms, their individual wills the center of their gravity. Sexual love outside of marriage is for them permissible if both adults consent, are respectful and tender, sensitive, and Terribly Aware. Otherwise, they feel they are being treated as *objects*. But objects of what? Pope John Paul II prefers to use ancient words—like concupiscence, lust, and adultery—for the attitudes, looks, and deeds which do not signify respect for the person, love, complete commitment.

A DIFFICULT subject, sexuality. It is all the more difficult in modern times in modern societies. If you inspect the theological literature on adultery, fornication, contraception, and the like—in the eleventh through the thirteenth centuries, for example—you will be struck by one pervasive argument. The ancient and medieval thinkers seemed preoccupied with underpopulation. Given the history of famine and plague, one can see why. The average age of mortality was in the low twenties (higher for the oppressed sex, lower for the oppressor sex, even then). In arguing against contraception, the theologians nearly always cited a principle of St. Augustine: As food is for the preservation of the body, intercourse is for the preservation of the race.

In their experience, of course, the chief danger to the preservation of the race was underpopulation. So many children died in childbirth and infancy that five or six conceptions were commonly necessary for the survival into adulthood of one or two children. In this context, contraception seemed not only wrong, but egregiously wrong. Today the threat is hardly underpopulation. Today, too, many families have far more privacy than in the one-room cottages of our ancestors. Life is rather more hectic, scheduled, artificial, impersonal, urban, busy. Life is not so close to earth and instinct as once it was. Reason has intervened in virtually every activity of every day—wristwatches and electric lights, multiple activities and roles, immense numbers of relatively impersonal contacts with legions of other persons, disciplined and rational economic tasks, etc. The whole economic-social order is now as highly organized by schedules as then only monasteries used to be. In some ways, modern persons are bound by the least sensual, least relaxed, least hedonistic schedules ever known.

The imagination of those who are not married does not easily comprehend the difficulties, terrors, beauties, disappointments, graces, of sexual love in marriage. Of such things, honest speech—even honest self-knowledge—is exceedingly rare. It would be better, I think, if more were heard from married laymen and women about the workings of morals and grace in such circumstances.

The feminists have it all wrong. Popes and bishops do not yet seem to have it right. The conscience of the faithful has a tremendously important theological role to play in guiding the Church in these areas. Sexual desire within marriage is rather different from concupiscence, lust, romance with strangers. It is vitally important to marital love. It has its own disciplines. It is its own school of virtue. It teaches much about the other, and not a little about the self.

A celibate clergy is a blessing for the Catholic Church. Yet one of its costs is a lack of concrete knowledge about a state of life quite different in its relation to active sexuality. Popes and bishops embarrass themselves—and all of us—when they speak as if they know, when they do not know. Lay persons who are married have an obligation to lead the way to sound wisdom in the substance of this, their own vocation. □

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Books Arts & Manners

To the Brink

ADAM B. ULAM

The Mortal Danger
By Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn
Harper & Row, 71 pp., $8.95

The Present Danger
By Norman Podhoretz
Simon & Schuster, 109 pp., $7.95

It is with a mixed feeling of admiration and exasperation that one puts aside Solzhenitsyn's little book. As in most of his polemical writings, he is so often right, but occasionally, and infuriatingly, wrong-headed. The great writer exposes mercilessly and brilliantly the shibboleths of ritualistic liberalism as it addresses itself to the problems of Russia and of Communism. How penetrating his analysis of that amalgam of ignorance, faddism, and misdirected guilt feelings that has prompted so many in the West to equate the vices of Communism with the real and alleged transgressions of capitalism, which leads them to seek and discover redeeming features in Soviet policies past and present and to plead that our own sins of commission and omission should inhibit us from judging too severely and opposing too strenuously the activities and designs of the Kremlin oligarchs.

It is thus understandable that some who applauded Solzhenitsyn's indomitable spirit and artistry in the past became disenchanted by his utterances once he was in the West: it was fine for him to denounce the excesses of Stalinism, but why should he be so uncompromisingly anti-Communist *now*? Or at least if he could intersperse his preachings on the evils of Communism with an occasional excoriation of the American role in Vietnam, of Western neo-imperialism, etc.? He does criticize American society, but from what to many of our intellectual luminaries is a distressingly retrograde and dangerous point of view: he completely fails to indulge their craving for self-flagellation over America's condition and her role in the world. They find it shocking that a great writer would want us to think and act as if we were living in the era of Theodore Roosevelt rather than that of Jimmy Carter.

But if many criticisms of Solzhenitsyn are tendentious or just plain silly, there are certain idiosyncrasies of his which must sadden and irritate his most fervent admirers. Take his categorical assertion, "until the most recent times the very existence of the Gulag Archipelago, its inhuman cruelty . . . were not acknowledged by Western scholarship." This is unpleasantly reminiscent of a Soviet scribe who, after one or two arbitrarily chosen examples, proclaims the whole *corpus* of "bourgeois scholarship" on this or that subject as guilty of distortions and class malice. No, there have been quite a few Western scholars who, going some decades back, not only acknowledged but discussed extensively the machinery of terror, purges, and similar features of the Soviet political scene.

Equally baffling in a man who has such a factual and intuitive knowledge of his nation's past is the occasional intemperance and peremptoriness of his historical judgments. He is superbly right in seeing Communism as a ruthless cult of power and in having little patience with those who after 63 years' bitter experience still see it as a humanitarian creed somehow gone wrong but capable of redemption. But does it follow that there have not been some other and extremely important changes in the nature and practices of Communism? According to Solzhenitsyn it does: ". . . The entire Stalin period is a direct continuation of the Lenin era . . . no 'Stalinism' has ever existed, either in theory or in practice . . ." Well, the very phenomenon of Solzhenitsyn provides a vivid refutation of this astounding thesis that Communism has really never changed: he was an obscure prisoner under Stalin, allowed to become nationally and world famous under Khrushchev, persecuted and finally exiled under Brezhnev.

NOTHING infuriates our author more than any historical argument which so much as hints at continuity between the pre- and post-revolutionary governments of his country, or that there should be something about the Russians which predisposes them to tolerate, or indeed crave, an oppressive political system. Again the main thrust of his argument is eminently justified: reactionary as it was when compared with the rest of Europe, Nicholas II's regime allowed its subjects (at least its Russian subjects) infinitely more freedom than does Brezhnev's; after 1864 the imperial judiciary and the Russian Bar enjoyed

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the kind of independence of the political authority which is simply unthinkable under Communism.

But to say that there is nothing specifically Russian about Marxism-Leninism is one thing; to deny that Russia's past enables us to understand why and how Lenin and his party could seize and retain power is something else, and quite unreasonable. Solzhenitsyn would make us eschew the use of "Russia" and "Russian" in connection with anything having to do with the Soviet state and Communism. " 'Russia' is to the Soviet Union as a man is to the disease afflicting him"—a metaphor which neatly contradicts its author's argument. Don't we have to learn what organic weaknesses of the patient have enabled the disease to seize hold of him and to continue on its virulent course?

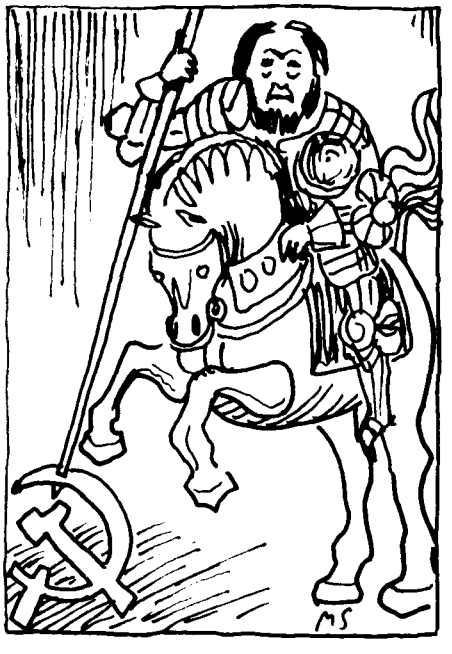
But such inconsistencies and irascibility should not be allowed to obscure the inherent common sense and urgency of Solzhenitsyn's message. It is a justifiable anger and impatience which explain his irascibility. Anger at the continued enslavement of his native country. Impatience that the West should awaken from its delusions and lethargy, for without such an awakening the prospects for freedom, whether in Russia or elsewhere, must remain bleak.

FOR ALL his numerous criticisms of the society which has sheltered him, the United States remains for Solzhenitsyn "the world's chief defender," and its retreat into isolationism would be, he believes, "a grave danger to the world and to peace in general." It is the danger of such retreat, indeed certain signs that it is already taking place, that is the main theme of Mr. Podhoretz's book. A collection of brief, pungent essays, *The Present Danger* addresses itself to the erosion of America's will and endurance when it comes to shouldering its world responsibilities—the erosion caused by the still lingering echoes of Vietnam, as well as the faltering course of the present Administration's foreign policy.

Mr. Podhoretz is particularly perceptive in analyzing the various psychological components of the "culture of appeasement," as he calls it. Thus the genuine fear of a nuclear holocaust is used by some new appeasers to buttress the non-sequitur that we should not be concerned about the Soviets getting ahead of us in nuclear and conventional arms. In general, others of a similar persuasion assert, we should stop worrying about East-West conflicts; the new order of the day is "the North-South dialogue," which in practical terms means no dialogue at all but the West performing continuous penance for its past sins through transferring an ever increasing share of its wealth to the "new" nations. (The West's economic bondage to OPEC is considered but the first promising step in that direction.) The present Administration having identified the art of politics with that of public relations, it is not surprising that its foreign-policy spokesmen believe most international crises can be solved by verbal incantations and posturings, with no power needed to back them up.

To Mr. Podhoretz's enumeration we might add the comforting assurances of so many politicians and alleged academic experts that "the Soviets have their own troubles," and hence we should not get unduly exercised when they choose to add to them by taking over Afghanistan and sending Cubans all over Africa. The consequences of the confluence of nonchalance over Soviet expansionism and of the still unexpiated guilt feelings over Vietnam, the CIA, etc. have been only too obvious.

Mr. Podhoretz's conclusions may appear to many to be overly pessimistic and alarmist, but much of what he says finds an almost daily confirmation in the Pentagon's own admissions about the lamentable state of practically every branch of our defense establishment; in the increasing disarray and disunity of the Western community, our European allies having good reasons to question our ability and will to lead and protect them; and in the growing anarchy of international life in general. It is fatuous to hope that such trends can be checked or reversed by some miraculous device or happening: an "invisible" plane or a new peace-loving generation of leaders in the Kremlin. The first prerequisite for arresting the decline of the West must be a very visible and realistic American foreign policy. □



The Socialist Phenomenon
By Igor Shafarevich
Harper & Row, 320 pp., $16.95

THE ROTTEN DREAM

JOSEPH SOBRAN

The New Republic recently endorsed John Anderson in an editorial that began, in large type, on its cover. Right there, for all the world to see, it laid out the liberal criteria for good government. They included "the active remaking of society."

How humdrum that sounds today. But how radical its implication: that the state stands in lordly authority over its subjects, dictating the terms of their relations with each other, and if need be altering the terms they have come to accept. And this criterion was ticked off as part of a laundry list of liberal expectations.

Liberalism veered sharply leftward in the Sixties, and there is little left of the older kind of liberal, who stood between socialism and conservatism and was prepared to defend features of both. Today's liberalism has been almost entirely satellized by socialism. John Kenneth Galbraith, he of *The Liberal Hour*, was merely being franker than most when he (finally!) declared himself a socialist. Few liberals can defend the free market or indeed any kind of freedom, except in clichés; the targets of their wrath are nearly always the free societies, or those less-than-free ones allied to the free ones. Their agenda is essentially that of the Socialist Bloc, which they criticize only under duress.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST NOVEMBER TITLES: Simon Ramo's *America's Technology Slip* (Wiley, $15.95) describes how American technological advancement has lost ground to West German and Japanese, but winds up with an absolutely absurd proposal for something Ramo calls SHEP (Safety, Health, and Environmental Protection): a federal agency to coordinate data for "decision boards." . . . *Losing It: The Economic Fall of the Middle Class* (McGraw-Hill, $10.95), by Robert C. Yeager, provides a man-in-the-street view of how the American middle class is being squeezed to death between what Yeager calls "poorfare" and "richfare."

Bruce Chatwin, author of the splendid *In Patagonia*, has written what looks to be a very interesting book, *The Viceroy of Ouidah* (Summit, $10.95), about a nineteenth century Brazilian slave trade. . . . Charles L. Mee's latest book is *The End of Order: Versailles, 1919* (Dutton, $15.95). . . . *The Mapping of America* (Abrams, $60), by Seymour I. Schwartz and Ralph E. Ehrenberg, is composed of an historical text and 223 maps, making for an interesting and handsome volume.

Norman Mailer's *Of Women and Their Elegance* (Simon & Schuster, $29.95), with photographs by Milton H. Greene, is supposed to be Marilyn Monroe's autobiography as told to the author, but the real subject is Of Norman and His Vulgarity. A truly awful book.

■ SOME DECEMBER TITLES: Mikhail Stern, who has been for thirty years a GP in Kiev, has written a study called *Sex in the USSR* (Times, $14.95). The Russians are pretty much like the birds and the bees and us Americans, except for the fact that 45 per cent of their females are supposedly frigid. (There are no figures available as to what proportion of these have spent time in Siberia.) . . . *Modern Irish Short Stories* (Viking, $14.95; Penguin, $4.95), edited by Ben Forkner, is a charming collection drawn from the works of Moore, Joyce, Yeats, O'Kelly, O'Flaherty, O'Faolain, O'Connor, and O'thers.

—CW

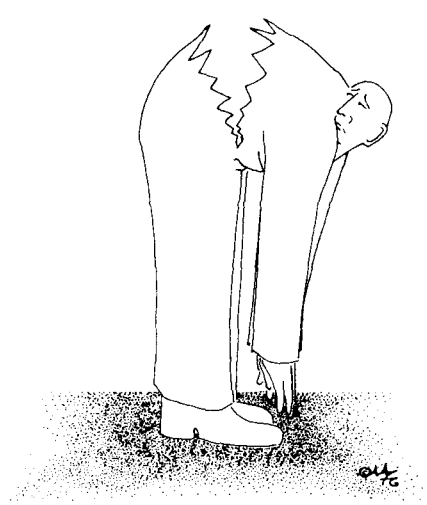
There is no Soviet threat. There is only a Reagan threat.

Conspiracy? On such a scale it is unthinkable. Is it just that ideas follow power? To a great extent, yes. But there is more to it, and in *The Socialist Phenomenon* Igor Shafarevich offers a profound and startling theory about what might be called the socialist instinct.

Far from being an advanced or modern theory, socialism, he contends, is a perennial possibility. Any time a society loses the will to sustain its own institutions and articulations it may dissolve. Sometimes the dissolution takes the form of centralization and mass slavery. When this happens, the rulers who take over the morbid residue of society justify their power with one or another variant of socialist doctrine. Shafarevich describes in detail the economies of ancient Mesopotamia, ancient Egypt, and the Inca civilization, all of which seem to support his model. In the Middle Ages, whenever official Christianity lost its vitality there were likely to be local outbreaks of "chiliastic socialism," usually based on Christian symbols, apocalyptic promises, and gnostic claims; among the short-lived socialistic communes of the period were the Cathars and Moravian brethren. Socialist theories were also adumbrated by philosophers and novelists.

What are the common features of socialism? Centralization of power, of course, and an equality (or communality) based on the hatred of all individual distinctions. Socialism, in theory and practice, focuses its hatred principally on three social forms, all of which it seeks to abolish: the family, religion, and private property.

Often this is not feasible, but there are strategic alternatives. The family is a pretty durable institution; so is the church. The Soviet regime has therefore



hit on the device of satellizing them, partly by redefining them. Divorce can be "liberalized" (Shafarevich's term, as translated—what inadvertent irony!) so that marriage ceases to be what it was. Parents can be forbidden to educate their children in religion, on pain of having those children sent to orphanages and raised by the state to which they belong. Likewise the church can be staffed by state flunkeys. Thus the form of the institution remains, even as state pressure changes its nature and substance.

As for property, it too exists—but at the state's sufferance. It retains no *legal* guarantee. There we have an active remaking of society.

Note, if you will, that these are features of the socialist societies that fail to stir the wrath of Western liberals. For their sights too are trained on religion, which they want either satellized to socialist goals (*à la* the National Council of Churches) or treated as a menace of dubious constitutionality (as they treat Jerry Falwell and Humberto Medeiros), and which they wanted denied tax exemption while excluded from public schools (nor are they friendly to private schools). Their sights too are trained on private property (which they strive every day to socialize a little bit more, and which they too regard as private only by sufferance). Their sights too are trained on the family (the only realm in which they would make the individual substantially freer).

With brilliant insight, Shafarevich argues that socialism, in its chiliastic or campaign phase, tends to favor sexual "liberation" (also called, in various ages, "free love" and "the community of wives") as a way of destroying the link between sex and loyalty that constitutes the family. Promiscuity destroys individuality by destroying unique social relations. Once in power, socialism may compromise with reality. But once the family has been effectively subordinated to the state, this doesn't matter.

What produces the lust and mania for socialist collectivization? Shafarevich contends that it springs from a deathwish, universally latent, but finding social release under certain conditions. The longing for the final release of annihilation is familiar enough; it is expressed by Hamlet, and everyone has felt it. Shafarevich locates it, too, in Zen Buddhism, in Sartre, and in various

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literary texts. What makes Sartre especially interesting is that he makes the longing for *le néant* not only an individual aspiration but the basis of a social order. A socialist order, needless to say.

This is a tremendous book, a real intellectual thunderbolt. Readers who lack the time or the $16.95 to read the full version can find a shorter version Shafarevich wrote especially for *From under the Rubble*, the anthology edited by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn (who also wrote the foreword to this book). Its message is made all the more urgent by the nearly total deference of American liberalism to socialist "ideals." No reader of Shafarevich should ever again need reminding how spiritually rotten those ideals are. □

SWELL LETTERS

Music for Chameleons
By Truman Capote
Random House, 262 pp., $10.95

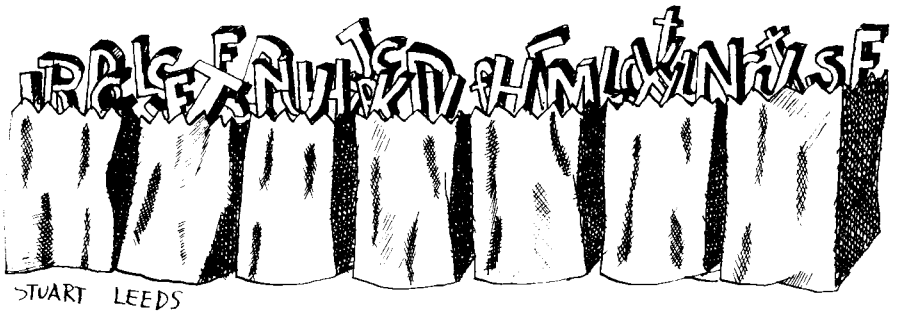
IN LUKEWARM BLOOD

FARLEY CLINTON

In Edgar Allan Poe's story "The Mystery of Marie Roget," the novelist proposed a serious solution to a real, unsolved murder. Poe was right, and the police soon arrested the killer of the unhappy Mary Cecilia Rogers. Mr. Capote here offers to name and describe a successful mass-murderer. The crimes are officially unsolved, but joining the great detective-eccentrics, Holmes, Poirot, Nero Wolfe, Capote unravels them all. This is *nonfiction*, he insists, and his publisher's blurb speaks of "a factual account of an unforgettable American crime."

Can we believe this wild tale? I suppose so. The mind does boggle. The whole thing is ludicrous, all too like the problems that used to confront Jack Armstrong or Sky King on the airwaves at 4:30 on weekday afternoons. The killer regularly warned his victims, mailing them little coffins. In these he enclosed their photographs.

Murder in real life is hardly ever like that. It is duck soup to Truman Capote. His involvement is the most plausible



part of the story. He became a literary celebrity without ever having much to say, and he has sound commercial instincts. With *In Cold Blood*, 14 years ago, he hit the jackpot. It remains his most readable book, curiosity about murder being almost his only link with the common reader. Naturally he has looked around for another horror to use. Since everybody by now has had the chance to read *In Cold Blood*, including any lawmen out West who care for reading, it was also natural that one of these should write to Capote and interest him in the disgusting Case of the Hand-Carved Coffins.

In Cold Blood is the story of two punks who murder a rich rancher. But here Capote declares that a rich rancher is the murderer; that he organized the elimination—by rattlesnakes, by arson, by decapitation, and so forth—of a group of neighbors he disliked.

For twenty years Bob Quinn fought a proposal to change the course of a river on his property somewhere out West, Capote won't say where. Montana? Idaho? Wyoming? (My brief but vivid impressions of the place suggest Wyoming, where life on the range is constantly enlivened by naïve but freakish practical jokes. The "drugstore cowboys" out there often seem to regard that land and the animals on it as convenient raw material for low comedy.) Early in 1970 Quinn's crusade failed and a local committee of nine voted, 8 to 1, to divert the little Nile that fed his private Egypt.

Two of the eight died through a fiendish practical joke on September 5, 1970, and five more of the ill-advised voters perished in odd ways at odd moments between then and 1975, always after getting a little coffin in the mail. Two of the victims approached the local authorities, and worked carefully with them—but died. By 1975 everyone knew that Quinn was the suspect. He laughed it off, professing to have no information or curiosity about the crimes. He often invited the chief detective to come out and play chess at his ranch.

Capote says the investigation established that Quinn actually bought the rattlesnakes used in the first murder; and when the eighth voter, a cousin of Quinn's, finally got his coffin, he recognized a snapshot Quinn had taken of him, but refused to give him. He hastily left town; other witnesses were reluctant; nothing could be proved in court. Capote says Quinn assured him that one of these deaths—perhaps all?—should be understood to be the will of God.

There are 180 pages more, to fill up the book—13 little sketches; all readable, one ("A Day's Work") very good. Two of the sketches, "Derring-Do" and "Then It All Came Down," throw more light on his obsession about interviewing men in penitentiaries who have killed several people. Rarely dull. Often fascinating. In effect, a portrait of the artist.

THIS artist broods a good deal over the question whether self-love must be unrequited. He casually, deliberately, reveals a lot. He says a word or two about God, and chats brightly, bitterly, about the very rich. Certainly a book "for chameleons," insofar as its most obvious quality is the rapid change of mood repeatedly negotiated.

Or does he perhaps only mean that he sees his readership as so many small reptiles, more notable for changeableness than for intelligence? Everything on display here has been printed before in *Esquire*, *Interview*, *McCall's*, *New York*, or *The New Yorker*. They are all, we know, read by chameleons. Hence a facile, calculated quality in the book: he knows that God and Truman Capote, unsolved murder and the decadent rich, can be sold if you know how far you can go, what you can get away with. He can think, but his public can't, and he only seeks to shock them, rath-

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er pleasantly. These are the diaries of a theatrical dwarf.

On the last page but one he tells us that he is a genius—oh, really?—and that he knows he could be a saint (though, he admits, he isn't) without ever ceasing to be a dope addict, an alcoholic, and a homosexual. Mr. Capote is 56 years old. □

The Return of Eva Perón: With the Killings in Trinidad
By V. S. Naipaul
Knopf, 228 pp., $10

THE BUSH MOVES CLOSER

SELDEN RODMAN

V. S. Naipaul is the liberal establishment's favorite commentator on the Third World. As a Trinidadian émigré based in England, he has enough of an insider's view to convey the absurdities of neo-colonialism with devastating penetration but is detached enough to feel no compassion for or identification with the nascent popular cultures of Latin America or Africa. Without any mention of the calypsos, inventive heraldry, or great poetry generated by his native island, he can devote almost a hundred pages to a handful of neo-Marxist terrorists who derive their perverse racist ideology from American Black Power sources in New York—and, by innuendo, from the CIA. All of the Caribbean cultures, he implies, are gravitating toward "the desert of Haiti"—a stereotype of oppression and slavery which Naipaul shares with the *New York Times*, totally ignoring that country's free-flowing, joyful flowering of the arts, unique in today's world.

This reviewer was the first of a dozen commentators on Argentina over the past decade to contrast the genius of Jorge Luis Borges, as revealed through his amiable conversations, with the rhetorical bombast and false promises of Peronism, but Naipaul puts a characteristically acidulous tone into this now familiar scenario. He chides the blind poet for substituting "ancestor worship" for the contemplation of his country's history—much as if Shakespeare should be blamed for chronicling the glories and perversions of ancient royalties instead of addressing himself to the imperial crimes committed under Elizabeth I.

Which is too bad, because when Naipaul stops posing as a metaphysician of the world's decay and addresses himself to specific areas of blight, there is no better reporter. "The landscape [of Argentina] remains empty and unhumanized. There are little towns sitting fragilely on the pampa, but they provide only the bare necessities: the stupefying nightclub, which enables people who have said everything already to be together for hours without saying anything; the brothel, which simplifies the world even further; the garage . . . The land here is something to be worked; it has not been hallowed by the cinema, literature, or art, or by the life of rooted communities. Land in Argentina, as I heard a South American banker from another country say, is still only a commodity. It is an investment, a hedge against inflation. It can be alienated without heartache. Argentina's wealth is in the land; this land explains the great city on the estuary. But the land has become no one's home. Home is elsewhere: Buenos Aires, England, Italy, Spain. You can live in Argentina, many Argentines say, only if you can leave."

Naipaul is at his best, his least embittered, when farthest from his own forsaken home. In Zaire, the borrowed ideas—"about colonialism and alienation, the consumer society and the decline of the West—are made to serve the African cult of authenticity." Mobutu has given a people despoiled by Belgian colonialism what it lost and what it wants: a king, in all but name, with magical powers. As the alien cities fall apart, the bush moves closer, and it is probably from the bush with its tribal arts and religious mysteries that what is new and essentially African will come and, in the end, prevail. Not that Naipaul, when that happens, will like it one bit. □

The Strength of Fields
By James Dickey
Doubleday, 85 pp., $6

THE POETICS OF RHETORIC

NEREO E. CONDINI

The latest collection by James Dickey, *The Strength of Fields*, marks a change in the landscape of American poetry today, not only because of its often Whitmanesque individualism, but also and especially because it picks up a literary fashion that had been dormant for the past twenty years—the rhetorical stance. Aside from a few poems that are more subdued and intimate in their essence, the writer's whole effort here goes toward building up towering successions of images by means of a visual syntax that is, on the surface, arbitrary and reckless: as a matter of fact, it is stylistically controlled to the point of artificiality, and nostalgic in an elegiac way, pointing as it does to a lost rapport with nature, childhood, ideals of sharing that we must endeavor to recover.

A typical example of this mood is to be found in the title poem, with its warm concern for mankind and whatever it is that individuals and nations hope for. To Dickey, what man needs today is more solitude and silence, in order to survive in a disorderly, boisterous, maimed world; to gather inspiration from a meditation on the self and thence to proceed to a better understanding of his fellow man; to renew his life as nature does each spring, giving birth to purpose:

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. . . More kindness, dear Lord
Of the renewing green.
That is where it all has to start:
With the simplest things. More
kindness will do nothing less
Than save every sleeping one
And night-walking one
Of us.
My life belongs to the world. I
will do what I can.

This thought takes different forms, all leading to and reinforcing the same urge to love and be loved. In "Rootlight," the motivation for a close communion with nature is the new female companion the poet has found; in "The Voyage of the Needle," one of the boldest poems in the collection, Dickey examines the relationship between mother and child and wishes for a return to that sexless state when communication between himself and his mother was transcendental and joyous; in "The Rain Guitar," a lovely episode of camaraderie is set into motion when the poet strikes guitar chords along the bank of a river, evoking in the mind of a listening fisherman fond memories of World War II:

. . . I was Air Force,
I said. So was I; I picked
This up in Burma, he said, tapping
his gone leg
With his fly rod, as Burma and
the Southwest Pacific and North
Georgia reeled,
Rapped, cast, chimed, darkened, and
drew down
Cathedral water and improved.

As in many other compositions in this volume, the poem moves on, image after sustained image, without ever disclosing its core, until the very end, where the crescendo of metaphors and poetic illumination coincide in the final alliterations with a surprise effect reminiscent of Poe. The trick is repeated in "Two Poems of Flight-Sleep" and "Two Poems of the Military," and superbly magnified in "Exchanges," pushing the reader to the limit and raising the whole question of credibility in a sprung-up rhythm that for all its acrobatic somersaults underlies fundamentally naïve, plain ideas: the opposition to war, the desire for a cleaner world with open skies and starry spaces, the truly passionate concern for friendship.

The wish for togetherness is most strongly expressed in two poems about sports which, notwithstanding their melodramatic posture, convey an honest urgency of feeling and impart a melancholy tinge to Dickey's otherwise "heroic" allocutions. I am thinking of "For the Death of Lombardi," and "For the Running of the New York Marathon," where the words labor to reveal a pure moment when only struggling matters; where one goes beyond physical or monetary interests to become a consummation, a sacrifice in the knowledge of togetherness, whether it be in exhaustion or death.

Some of the other poems, alas, have a sensationalist ring to them that mars the book as whole, particularly the second section, made up of quasi-translations mostly from Latin American writers. Here the conflict between simplicity and rhetoric, violent and serene images, lyricism and surrealism, classic linearity and sheer virtuosity, reaches a climax not wholly favorable to the poet's overall achievement. The balance tilts toward a baroque, strained sensibility that Dickey himself lambasted in his critical collection *From Babel to Byzantium*. But that's another story. □

ART

DETOUR HERE!

RUTH BERENSON

The Museum of Soviet Unofficial Art was probably well advised to announce its opening with a press conference at Freedom House, for otherwise the occasion might have gone wholly unnoticed. So far as I know, few if any New York-based art writers covered the actual event, probably because, unlike your intrepid reporter, they feared venturing into the *terra incognita* of Jersey City (a 15-minute train ride from Times Square), where the museum is located.

Apart from a couple of gallery shows, New Yorkers have had small opportunity to sample the work of dissident artists from the Soviet Union, so that, as the *Guides Michelin* would put it, the new museum is "well worth a detour." It occupies a yet-to-be-renovated 1850s red brick building which has recently been accorded Landmark status and which also serves as headquarters for the Committee for the Absorption of Soviet Emigrés.

The museum itself is the brainchild of Aleksandr Glezer, he who made headlines all over the world back in 1974 when he organized the first public exhibition of "unofficial" Soviet art in a vacant lot in Moscow, the one the authorities broke up with bulldozers and fire hoses. In the wake of this confrontation, Glezer was arrested by the KGB and given the unpleasant choice of emigrating or standing trial for anti-Soviet activities; he elected the former, on condition that he be allowed to take with him the works of art he had been collecting since 1967.

They let him take eighty paintings; since then, through means he prefers not to disclose, he has received the rest of his collection, some five hundred pictures, sculptures, works on paper, and recorded interviews with many dissident artists. Half his collection is now in Jersey City; the rest, after being shown in London, Paris, Vienna, and West Germany, now makes up the Russian Museum in Exile which Glezer founded in 1976 in the Paris suburb of Montgeron.

Himself neither an artist nor a critic but rather a poet by profession, Glezer possesses an eye for artistic quality. Although his artists have been forced to work in nearly complete isolation from the aesthetic currents of our time, few of them can be dismissed as mere provincials. Nor are their works simply second-hand versions of the Western art they have encountered in exhibitions sent to Moscow or Leningrad under cultural-exchange agreements. They have welcomed these, and pored over the books and magazines that trickle in despite the vigilance of customs officials. Certainly they seem familiar with all the twists and turns of Western art from Abstract Expressionism to Photorealism.

Yet Mr. Glezer insists that the effect of this knowledge has mostly been superficial, and one can see what he means—for these men and women differ from their American and European counterparts in an important respect: they do not create art for art's sake, or for the marketplace (their chances of selling anything are severely circumscribed, being dependent on the ups and downs of detente and their luck in

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meeting foreign buyers), but to communicate, to convey through their art their passionate belief in artistic freedom and personal expression. In consequence, their work, whatever the medium, often displays the explosive urgency that earlier in this century marked German Expressionism—which, of course, was suppressed by the Nazis with the same zeal used by the Soviets today.

PERHAPS this insistence on communicating explains why the museum contains relatively few pure abstractions. Most works deal with recognizable subject-matter, presented either straightforwardly or in the language of surrealism. If Anatoly Sverov employs the drips of Pollock and De Kooning, he does so to enhance the emotional power of his portrait heads, which perhaps also owe something to his earlier compatriot, Chaim Soutine. Oscar Rabin, one of the most versatile of the group, paints landscapes and still-lifes. Some have clear political meanings, as when he superposes three skulls on newspaper clippings with a headline "Detente is a form of class war"; like many, he also often makes use of religious symbols—crucifixes, ikons, onion-domed churches. Others disguise their imagery in the manner of the Austrian Fantastic Realists, though the latter's angry sexuality is notably absent. Boris Sveshnikov uses the meticulous draftsmanship the Austrians made familiar to produce curiously dream-like etchings of cemeteries and prisons that evoke his own eight-year experience in the Gulag.

These artists did not emerge from a vacuum. Too young to remember firsthand the incredible blooming of art in Russia just before and after the Revolution, they nevertheless look to Kandinsky, Chagall, Gabo, Pevsner, Goncharova, and the rest as their forebears—even though most of those artists emigrated Westward in the mid-1920s, while others like Malevich and Rodchenko were forced to stop working after Stalin took over. Still, memories of them lingered, for all that Socialist Realism, defined as "the truthful depiction of reality in its revolutionary development" has been the only officially sanctioned style since 1924, and anyone deviating from it was expelled from the Artists' Union and, at best, deprived of his livelihood.

According to Mr. Glezer, the renascence of unofficial art (he prefers this term to "dissident," perhaps because the rebellion is for the most part apolitical) can be precisely dated to an event that most Western anti-Communists, including the present writer, loudly condemned as nothing but a blatant propaganda exercise by and for the Soviet Union. This was the much-publicized World Youth Congress of the summer of 1957, which flooded television screens with the spectacle of thousands of youthful Marxists from all over the world parading through Red Square singing the "Internationale."

What so impressed young Soviet artists, however, was the concurrent exhibition of art from abroad, the first such occasion in 25 years. It contained some four thousand works from 52 countries (including the capitalist ones) and, especially important, provided the long-isolated Russians with a chance to meet and talk with foreigners. The latter were probably all certified Party-liners, but even so, they enabled their interlocutors, as Nemuchkin remembers, "to recognize in foreign artists their own selves and their own strivings." Their sense of kinship with the West was confirmed by later exhibitions of Picasso, Léger, modern German, English, and Belgian art, even the loan shows from the East European satellites. They began to experiment, to exchange ideas with one another and with outsiders, to hold quasi-public exhibitions.

This period of relaxation did not last; repression was stepped up after the fall of Khrushchev and still continues. Soviet artists who try to behave as free men court the same kind of punishment that is meted out to writers and scientists. Many have been forced to emigrate; others have spent time in prisons and psychiatric clinics, and one, Yevgeni Rukhin, died mysteriously in 1976 after a fire in his studio. Obviously they are all people of great courage, and many are also very gifted. It is good news that Mr. Glezer and the Committee for the Absorption of Soviet Emigrés will soon have a gallery on Mercer Street in SoHo, where works will be on sale—and where those timid souls who quail at the thought of Jersey City can easily see them. □

The GIMLET EYE

WOMEN IN DISARRAY

D. KEITH MANO

There is no women's movement in America. Ignore that teased-up feminist mystique. What we have is just a whole lot of women—moving. At random, pretty much.

Moving now around Bryant Park, where you can get mugged, drugged, and plugged with more one-stop convenience than anyplace else in New York. This is August 26, 1980: six decades ago today women got suffrage and immediately conferred peace, good sense, and Warren G. Harding on the nation. Women 1980 make a dismal commemoration of it: 2,500 in attendance at best, less if you write off Anderson people, Socialist-Worker pamphlet men—and addicts nodding, drowsing, figuring their heroin must've been cut with Desenex to produce such a vapid trip. You do not sense spontaneity or joy: Bella Abzug, out on a 24-hour pass from her crypt, is not spontaneous or joyful in 1980. Women have been draft-

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ed for their celebration: from unions, half-way houses, lesbian mosstrooper squads, to pad the balding Bryant Park lawn. And they look at me strangely. Uh-oh: got my *Taming of the Shrew* T-shirt on—souvenir from an old run as Petruchio: always dress aggravating, I say.

Feminism is where they have to take you in because you're female. The Workers World Party and the Citizens Party receive commercial spot time at Bryant Park, just because they will each field a she-loser this fall: never mind what platform or program might lie behind that candidate. Any woman who isn't Phyllis Schlafly will get Most Favored Nation treatment. We are all sisters; the sorority initiation has been waived: do not judge. There is a difference between non-discriminatory and indiscriminate, but don't try to explain it here. In fact The Women's Moving has become so cumbrous, so eclectic and self-contradictory, that to middle-class American women it'll play like a concerto for dog whistle.

Be sure of one thing: lesbians still have a broad-power base. Weird sistern are to feminism what late-teen children were to the antiwar movement: they have more at stake; their activism is both political and sub-visceral; also they will abide no compromise. "Let us say here and reaffirm that lesbian rights is a human-rights issue, a civil-rights issue, a feminist issue. Elizabeth Cady Stanton once said that 'Equality is self-sovereignty that begins most fundamentally with one's own body, with one's own choice of lifestyle.' There will be no trade-offs of one person's rights for another's." Period, translate: when you get respectable don't try pressing the chicken switch on us. We supply your most dedicated and aggressive woman power: see what it's like when you have to depend on some ditzy Westchester housewife, Gloria Sweetheart.

Roger. Let them do their thing—so long's they don't get any of it on me. But our next speaker (from Women against Pornography) is more Victorian than a claw-foot chair. "Pornographic films are moving into the movie houses of suburban shopping centers and even into individual bedrooms in the form of video cassettes." Individual bedrooms? Poke your nose in my bedroom, sis, and I'll emancipate it from your face. Mighty selective libertarianism: on one hand we're expected to celebrate lesbian bedroom life (which most Americans would consider inherently obscene), yet we can't tolerate a video cassette seen, say, by husband and wife? Why? Because they exploit women? But those women chose to donate their soft tissue for analysis: self-sovereignty over your own bod and E. C. Stanton, right? "The real enemies of the First Amendment are the pornographers who make money, fortunes off the bodies of women." Aha: now I get it—men-are-cashing-in-and-we're-not. Morality isn't the issue here. Residuals are.

"We view pornography as anti-female propaganda. It validates and inspires violence against women. Women are not biological masochists." a) I have never seen evidence even remotely persuasive that could link porn to violence. Primitive or traditional civilizations, without video cassette equipment, produce just as much rape and more wife-beating. b) So sorry, but I have to let the unpleasant truth out here. Many women *are* masochists (biological or not) during sex; in fact (if you check the statistical data from erotic correspondence literature) even more are devout sadists. A libertarian position on homosexuality will require a libertarian position on S&M. Lifestyle is lifestyle, after all.

But we have arithmetical proof. "A rape occurs every 12 minutes in the U.S. Some estimates state that one in every three women is raped. And wife-battering is the most frequently occurring crime in the country. Women are beaten three times more often than they are raped."

Admire that demagogic sleight of body. a) One woman in three will be raped. b) Three times as many will be beaten. Therefore and c) every woman in America is a battered spouse—even those who are single. Apparently some men, in the matter of violence at least, must be bigamists. But, if there are 100 million women between Portland, Me. and Portland, Ore. and five get raped each hour then—be of good cheer—it'll take 761 years to rape one-third—provided that none are born in the interval. Which means chiefly: that this woman is an idiot. Rape and battering are heinous: but the Women against Porn are incompetent to speak on that subject. Propaganda and fine shrillness, not truth, is their line of work.

More hate-male is forwarded by the next speaker. "Women bear sole responsibility for contraception. This because men refuse to accept the consequences of their own sexuality." Hell, men would welcome a male pill: it'd protect them from fake paternity suits. But there isn't such an item at present—and, anyhow, don't women want absolute sovereignty over their reproductive mechanism? Why trust men to put on a condom? Besides: I find female responsibility for contraception somehow apt. The Supreme Court has judged that no man—no husband even—can prevent a woman from aborting his child. Since men have no say in the result of sexual intercourse, why shouldn't women be wholly responsible for that result?

Next, please: "Women earn 59¢ for every dollar that men earn." I'm sympathetic here, to a degree: certainly there must be equal pay for equal work. But that 41¢ difference has not come from the 1 per cent of men who take home $50,000-plus. It derives, in greatest part, from labor-union pressure through half a century. Your bricklayer might get $8 or $10 or whatever per hour because he and brick people before him have fought for that wage. He may, indeed, be overpaid; may, indeed, be laying gold brickwork: I won't judge. Yet women here are attacking, not sexual inequality, but the American labor movement and its slow success. Such progress will take time: women will have to bargain and strike. Or should both sexes be earning 59¢: is that the burden of their equal-right argument?

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Could be, for all I can see: in particular when I am told that The Women's Moving would also like Social Security for housework from a bankrupt and misbegotten federal system which won't be able to reward even salaried workmen (or workwomen) by 2000 A.D.

But one subject they do all agree on: ERA. That, I suspect, because nobody can tell you what ERA is—except that it will somehow make femaleness "constitutional." As a battle ensign ERA stands to The Women's Moving of 1980 as suffrage did to the Suffragettes of 1920. And for that reason wise women —while they feign outrage—should see that it is never enacted. I quote Betty Friedan: "The fact is that to women born after 1920, feminism was dead history." Well, said men in 1921, you got the vote—what more can we do? And they'll say the same if ERA is passed: Whaddaya want? Two votes this time? At which point the unwieldy and synthetic Moving will disintegrate: lesbian, left-radical, right-to-death, libertarian, anti-libertarian, and unaffiliated manhater. If ERA passes by, say, 1984, there will be no one at all in Bryant Park on August 26, 1990. Just the usual drunks and junkies: with a constitutionally mandated quota of women among them. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE ODYSSEY OF THE AMERICAN RIGHT, *by Michael W. Miles (Oxford, 371 pp., $19.95).* It remains the liberals' tactic to pre-empt political debate by defining the terms under discussion to suit themselves. Hence "progressive" forces seeking solutions are always arrayed *versus* "reactionaries" who, by inference, must be *regressive*. Once one has crawled through this terminological briarpatch of prickly pejoratives such as "selfish parochialism" and "narrowmindedness," it becomes painfully obvious who represents the forces of light counterpoised against those mean-spirited descendants of the Puritans who desire the darkness of repression. Though Michael W. Miles is less hysterical than those who hear the echoes of jackboots within today's conservative resurgence, he cannot resist repeating the canards which have become articles of faith for so many of his fellow "progressives." Let's see, MacArthur was a demagogue, McCarthy a lout, and Goldwater's winning the Republican nomination in 1964 a garish aberration. Add the Republican frustration at being out-maneuvered for the past fifty years, mix in the conservative penchant for irresponsible nationalistic impulses, and one comes to appreciate what an unstable bunch the American Right must be. And yet the conservatives' "intellectual inferiority complex" has been eased somewhat by this Buckley chap who ". . . took the fight into the camp of the enemy. He matched arrogance with arrogance, pomposity with pomposity, convolution with convolution. His was the style to emulate among right-wing intellectuals." A vintage left-handed, and Left-handed, compliment.

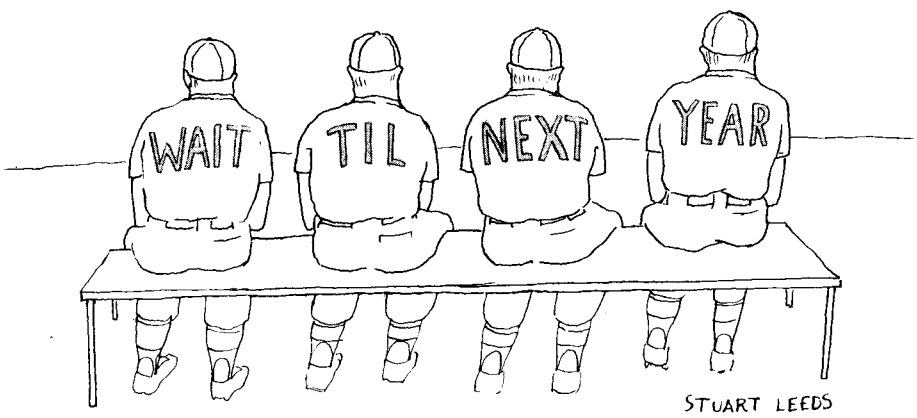
ALAN L. MILLER

GOODBYE, DARKNESS: *A Memoir of the Pacific War, by William Manchester (Little, Brown, 401 pp., $14.95).* William Manchester now has a second "first" to his credit. In *American Caesar* he had written the classic study of a commander in World War II, a biography of Douglas MacArthur that ranks among the great military biographies. Now he has written the most probing and searing account of combat in that same war, an account based on his own experience as an enlisted man in the Marine Corps who participated in every one of the deadly firefights from Guadalcanal and New Guinea to Iwo Jima and Okinawa. The title refers to the nearly 35-year blackout that clamped down on his mind at the end of the war, insulating him against the horrors he had witnessed, the friends he had lost, and the great *love* that had sustained him up to that final day in the hell of Okinawa, after he had jumped hospital and, in violation of orders, "returned to the front and almost certain death" on Sugar Loaf Hill. "Men, I now knew, do not fight for flag or country, for the Marine Corps or glory or any other abstraction. They fight for one another." In a moving peroration that follows this revelation at the close of his book, Manchester sets down all the ties that brought Americans together and gave them the courage to see it through in a war more devastating than any other in history. "Later the rules would change. But we didn't know that then." His record of what he learned by returning to the scene of those terrible struggles should be required reading in every school in this country, if this country is ever again to find the selflessness and capacity for sacrifice that made it what it once was.

SELDEN RODMAN

GOD'S MAN: *A Novel on the Life of John Calvin, by Duncan Norton-Taylor (Baker, 298 pp., $8.95).* Of the seven spiritual works of mercy, "to admonish sinners" can more readily be applied to John Calvin during his active ministry in Geneva than, say, "to forgive all injuries," or, "to bear wrongs patiently." He and Geneva's Little Council laid down laws governing every facet of life, public and private, and any who transgressed them suffered the consequences, at the stake, on the block, or in the lake: drownings, beheadings, and burnings were common, also the lopping off of offending limbs. Calvin was a man driven by God, and as God's man he showed no mercy to heretics and blasphemers. The trial, sentencing, and burning alive of Michael Servetus (whose heresy was his refusal to accept the doctrine of the Trinity), described in horrifying detail by Duncan Norton-Taylor, is the dramatic climax of this well-researched novel. Norton-Taylor succeeds in the difficult task of making Calvin, if not likable, at least understandable and even, at times, pitiable. A useful device he employs is to entrust sections of the narrative to two followers of Calvin, the childhood friend who will break with him over the rigidity of his nature and doctrine, and an older man who remains Calvin's disciple to the end. Seen through their eyes, Calvin is three-dimensional—more vulnerable than the Calvin who is the stern and unyielding narrator. As interesting as Calvin's development from devout Catholic to totally Protestant author of the massive *Institutes of the Christian Religion* is Norton-Taylor's picture of the often venal, frequently self-righteous, not overly bright bourgeois town fathers who made the self-governing Swiss cities of Geneva, Zurich, Basel, and Berne central to the intellectual development of the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY



STUART LEEDS

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

A COMPLETE description of what America has been doing to its intelligence agencies in recent years would probably require the services of a psychoanalyst. Seldom has there been a more intense display of national masochism.

What has been done and who has been doing it are spelled out in detail by Ernest W. Lefever and Roy Godson of Georgetown University in *The CIA and the American Ethic* (Ethics and Public Policy Center, 1211 Connecticut Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $5.95). The authors summarize and document the anti-intelligence hysteria that gripped the Congress in the middle 1970s and led to much restrictive action against the CIA, the FBI, and other agencies.

During this period, the public was regaled with horror stories about the alleged misdeeds of our intelligence organizations, special committees were established to monitor and publicize "abuses," and restrictive regulations were adopted that have in effect paralyzed these bodies in the performance of important duties.

As Lefever and Godson have amply demonstrated, this perfervid discussion failed to give the public accurate information on the purpose and conduct of our intelligence agencies. Many of the specific charges were untrue, and—even more to the point, perhaps—the furore occurred in a policy vacuum. Critics of the agencies steadfastly refused to consider the dangerous nature of the world in which we live, or the clandestine and often ruthless tactics of foreign powers attempting to subvert our freedoms.

The most noteworthy feature of the debate, in fact, has been the almost total absence of attention to the far-flung activities of the Soviet KGB, and its East German, Cuban, and other assistants. Despite the fact that 1,900 Soviet-bloc personnel are stationed in this country, that fifty thousand more touch down in America annually, and that untold percentages of these are operatives of the KGB, congressional investigators of intelligence "abuse" have focused almost exclusively on the actions of our own intelligence agents.

A similar imbalance, the authors show, is reflected in the national media. In the period 1974-78, the three TV networks devoted more than 90 per cent of their air time on this subject to the CIA, and most of this discussion was negative. Less than 10 per cent was devoted to the activities of Communist intelligence, and up through '78 there had been only *five* mentions of the KGB in U.S. television news accounts. Small wonder, on this showing, that the public is befuddled on the subject of "intelligence" or that the campaign to destroy the U.S. agencies has triumphed with such ridiculous ease.

NONE OF WHICH is to say that the performance of our intelligence agencies has been perfect and cannot be improved. As pointed out in *Intelligence Requirements for the 1980s*, edited by Godson (National Strategy Information Center, 1730 Rhode Island Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $3.95), our intelligence services have been woefully deficient in many respects and stand in need of a major overhaul. A group of well-qualified observers, including Michael Uhlmann, General Daniel Graham, Samuel Halpern, Newton Miler, and Hugh Tovar, show the way toward an authentic reform.

The contributors to this volume focus on such problems as the ambiguous role of the CIA Director (supposedly functioning as a professional, he is also "the President's man"), the tailoring of intelligence estimates to political constituencies, and the resulting miscalculation of what the Soviets have been doing in the realm of arms development, failure to track and analyze the happenings in Iran, low estate of our counterintelligence activities, etc. These comments seem most sensible, and much more likely to improve our intelligence effort than the nostrums being considered in the Congress. □

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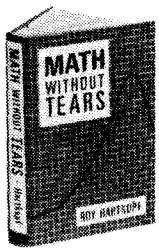

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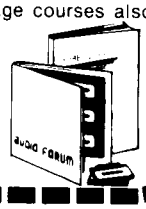

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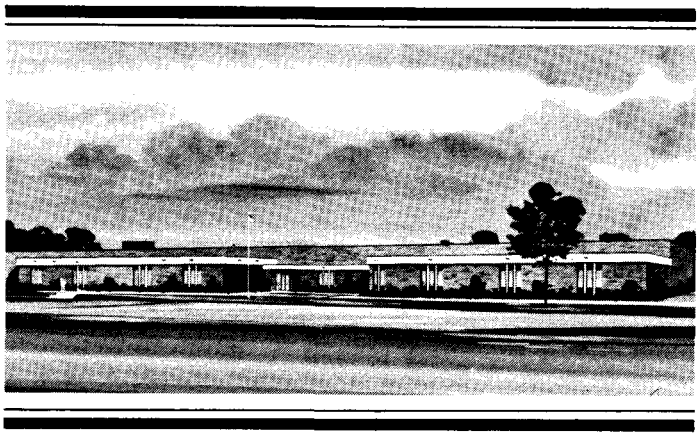

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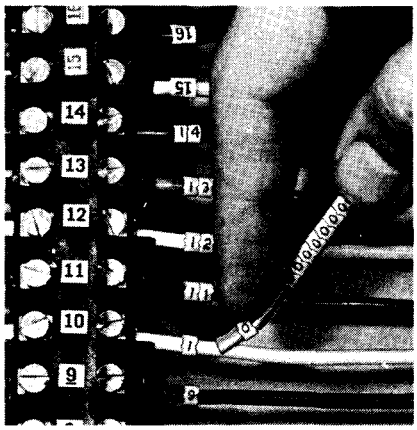

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(Continued from page 1392)

as they roamed over brush-covered Calivigny Point. More recently, unsuspecting yachtsmen venturing too close to Calivigny Point have been greeted by frenzied gunfire.

In Grenada today there are three thousand men and women in the ranks of the People's Revolutionary Army and People's Militia—all trained by Cuban instructors, dressed in Cuban uniforms, and equipped with gleaming new Soviet AK-47 rifles; they also have the use of six new Soviet Lada police cars and some two dozen pieces of defensive artillery, including Gaskin (SA-9) surface-to-air missiles and quadruple-barreled anti-aircraft guns.

Obviously, the crafty old men in the Kremlin are making a hefty investment in a 130-square-mile speck of land in the Caribbean which apparently has nothing to offer beyond beaches, nutmegs, cocoa, and sugar cane. Neither the Soviets nor their Cuban proxies have a reputation for no-strings-attached aid programs to Third World countries. Every ruble expended on such overseas projects has been meticulously calculated to reap the greatest possible return, and Grenada is no exception to this rule. Minuscule, backward Grenada has one commodity which attracts the commissars greatly—its location.

Grenada, southernmost of the chain of West Indian islands stretching from Florida to South America, is only ninety miles north of both Venezuela and Trinidad. Within a five-hundred-mile radius of the island are oilfields and refineries which currently supply 56 per cent of the oil consumed on the Eastern Seaboard of the United States. Also within this radius are Guyanese bauxite deposits which are classified as strategic by the U.S. Defense Department.

In the event of war, this region would be of vital strategic importance. The destruction of refineries and oilfields coupled with the severing of tanker lanes would cause rapid economic and social chaos in the eastern United States. The Soviets have perceived this for years, along with the fact that their air and naval bases in Cuba, over a thousand miles from Grenada, are beyond the range necessary for effective offensive operations in this area.

There are currently ten squadrons of Soviet aircraft based in Cuba, including the excellent MiG-27 (NATO designa-

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tion "Flogger D") and the older Ilyushin Il-28 "Beagle" tactical strike aircraft. None of these aircraft have the combat range (600 miles for the MiG-27; 684 miles for the Il-28) to allow them to carry out missions against strategic targets in the southern Caribbean. Even if extra fuel tanks were to be carried, the distance is so great that American and Venezuelan fighters would have ample time to intercept Cuba-based raiders before they could reach their targets.

Grenada provides the perfect solution to this strategic quandary—a mountainous, easily defended bastion commanding the heart of one of the richest oil deposits in the Western Hemisphere. MiG-27s operating from the new "International" and "Executive" airstrips on Grenada could reach the oilfields and refineries in southern Trinidad within six minutes at their operational speeds of 1,100 to 1,500 miles per hour. Similarly, the major Venezuelan oilfields are only five to 17 minutes' flying time away, and the essential refineries on the Dutch islands of Aruba and Curaçao could be reached in 25 minutes. Soviet pilots are trained in wave-top-level strikes of this sort, which enable them to fly below radar level.

Grenada's Egmont Harbor would provide a superb small naval base protected by the nearly encompassing hills from both offshore surveillance and attack. Approximately thirty Soviet-built Osa- and Komar-class missile patrol boats, with a top speed of forty knots, are now stationed in Cuba. Armed with Styx (SS-N-2) surface-to-surface missiles, such craft would be a lethal threat to the ponderous oil tankers plying the sea lanes around Grenada. And Egmont Harbor, which measures approximately 1,200 by 1,800 feet and has a minimum depth of 21 feet, could accommodate an entire flotilla of Cuban missile boats.

The U.S. Government seems to consider the Soviet-sponsored projects on Grenada to be of minor importance—a benign little tumor on America's backside which will go away if ignored. But the tumor is actually malignant, and, like all cancers, it will continue to spread until the entire Caribbean is infected with the Cuban disease. It is not too late for the United States to excise this insidious threat, although it is clear that the Soviet planners expect from us nothing more than the naïve remonstrances which appear to characterize American foreign policy these days. □

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Scoop Campaigns For Neville Chamberlain

On The Right

New York, Nov. 1—Senator Henry Jackson, a pillar of sanity in matters that relate to the national defense, has been touring Idaho in support of the re-election campaign of Senator Frank Church. Read that one, and weep.

You can look at it statistically if statistics are your paper doll. During Church's tenure there have been sixty Senate votes on matters directly related to defense: procurement, research, development; programs involving the Trident, the long-range Tomahawk, cruise missiles, F-14s, marine carriers, XM1 tanks—the paraphernalia of such strength as is needed to permit firmness in the development of our foreign policy. Frank Church voted against the military requests 49 times. On 45 of those votes, Senator Jackson voted against Church. Now, senators belonging to the same party have often disagreed; but regular, systematic, obsessive neglect of the military is a serious delinquency in the eyes of Senator Jackson, or so he tells us. But there he is, in Idaho, arguing for the re-election of Frank Church when the alternative is Steven Symms, who has voted on Jackson's side on virtually every question involving the military. What does Frank Church have that Symms doesn't? He is a Democrat, and the question arises: is Scoop Jackson more concerned that the Democrats should amass a majority, than that the Soviets are amassing a preponderant military machine? Somebody ought to ask him. As a matter of fact, I will.

If STATISTICS bore you, what about a politician's gullibility? In 1977 Frank Church went to Cuba, and Romeo never said to Juliet sweeter things than Frank Church had to say about Fidel Castro. Castro took three days off from torturing the Cuban people and rejecting appeals to free such as Huber Matos, in order to give Church a personally escorted tour of the Cuban fortress over which Castro presides. At the end he gave Church gifts, including special cigars, not otherwise available, and said handsome things about him. Frank Church glowed. "Castro has given me three days of his time and I leave Cuba in the belief that I have found a friend." The Senator, who is now the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, said about Castro: "I found his views to be reasonable, objective, and surprisingly moderate. [He] is a man of dignity with a great sense of justice." To say this about a totalitarian 18 years after he came to power, about a Communist of such studied cruelty as to manage to get himself denounced even by Jean-Paul Sartre, reduces Frank Church to moral idiocy. Does Senator Jackson really want as head of the Foreign Relations Committee someone who has acted as altarboy for Fidel Castro?

Senator Jackson warned that the loss of Southeast Asia would have repercussions throughout the world. He was right. Why did we lose Southeast Asia? History will point to one piece of legislation as decisive. The Church-Case Amendment, which specified that the U.S. would take "no military action over or on the ground, or in the air, or off the shores, of Laos, Cambodia, or South Vietnam." The Amendment in question might have specified merely that no U.S. ground troops would be used, but that was not enough for Frank Church. So, in 1975, the North Vietnamese rolled down. Frank Church is the godfather of the boat people, of the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia, of the extinction of Laos. All that, and chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. It must not be supposed that Frank Church is lazy—he didn't satisfy himself to lay waste Southeast Asia and do his best to gut the American military. He singlehandedly contributed—through his investigating committee—more than any other man to the deterioration of the CIA and the collapse of American counter-intelligence capabilities. Did Senator Jackson talk about that in Idaho?

Senator Church now is going about the State of Idaho like Paul Revere, warning about Communism in the Caribbean, and all those other dreadful threats. "General" Church, they call the man who is running for re-election—so that, on returning to Washington, he can resume his career as Neville Chamberlain. He has managed to change his position on ERA three times, on abortion a couple of times. Those who know Senator Jackson will refuse to believe that, in his heart of hearts, he desires Frank Church, at this moment in history, to occupy so critical a seat in Congress. □

LAST ACT FROM ALFRED KAHN

New York, Oct. 15—Alfred Kahn is the happiest man in recent memory who, looking back on the final chapter of his career in government, will see it as an exercise in triumphant failure. He is President Carter's "inflation czar," and I recently wrote of him that as such he was holding down the equivalent of Director of the Soviet Civil Liberties Union. Mr. Hobart Rowen of the *Washington Post*, writing an appreciation on Kahn's announcement that he would leave Washington "after the resolution of the political question" (which is a nice way of saying after the voters kick out the incumbent, or narcotize themselves for another four years), described Mr. Kahn's role as "one of the more thankless jobs in Washington. Although he was supposed to be in charge of Carter's anti-inflation program, Kahn's chief problem was that there was no program to be in charge of."

Fred Kahn is a good soldier, and he will defend the Administration whether questioned by Barbara Walters or Milton Friedman. But in doing so he sounds rather more like a lawyer than an economist. And because he is a man aching to be honest, he will occasionally blurt out truths that leave our emperor absolutely naked, until the courtiers rush in to clothe him. Thus Mr. Rowen writes that Kahn "isn't ready to endorse the rather amazing declaration by Commerce Department economist Courtenay Slater that the recession is already over and the upsurge has begun. . . . His own judgment is that with wage settlements in the 9.5 to 10 per cent range, 'there is no reason to see a decline in the basic inflation rate from about the 10 per cent level.'" How's that for a valedictory from the nation's Number One inflation fighter?

André Malraux, on reading Whittaker Chambers's *Witness*, wrote to him, "You did not return from hell with empty hands." So one might write about Alfred Kahn a few weeks before he returns to academic life in Cornell. He has written a

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draft of a new work entitled *Liberalism in an Age of Inflation*, and it is a quite beautiful portrait of a liberal's soul wrestling to save itself.

Alfred Kahn, all his life, has considered himself a political liberal, and he desires to wear that label on his deathbed, but he recognizes problems. In a single paragraph he describes more keenly the plight of the traditional (New Deal) liberal than others have done in encyclopedias. Listen hard:

"Because it has argued for measures expanding the demands on the system, tending to take the supply side for granted, traditional liberalism has an inherent inflationary bias. The welfare state, whose function is very largely to protect people from the rigors and insecurities of the unregulated market, inevitably shelters them as well, in some measure, from its disciplines—from the unemployment that follows excessive wage demands and the loss of an industry's ability to compete internationally, the bankruptcies that follow bad management or just bad luck, the poverty that is the unjust reward for most people who had the bad judgment to be born in poverty, the destitution in old age that followed an improvident failure to prepare for it in advance."

Kahn then turns on the snake-oil salesmen. In a few words he undercuts the dominant rhetoric of his masters. Recall the words of Walter Mondale, addressing the Democratic Convention, lashing out against "tax cuts for the wealthy, trickle-down for the rest of Americans." Compare Carter-Mondale's anti-inflation czar, pleading for reason. We must reject, he announces to his fellow liberals, "the scornful dismissal of any policies whose intended benefits to the economy at large can be characterized as 'trickle-down.' Real wages increase only as productivity increases. The most powerful engine of productivity advance, whose key we seem to have lost, is technological progress. It confers its benefits on us, precisely, by trickling down."

Alfred Kahn goes on to plead with his fellow liberals to "absolutely eschew the substitution of mushy sloganeering for rational calculation in devising and discussing economic policy," e.g., in the thoughtless use of the shibboleth, "we must not fight inflation on the backs of the poor." Or the "inviolability of 'free collective bargaining.'" Or the bias against supply-side economics ("there is nothing in the philosophy of liberalism that requires us to ignore the supply side"). Alfred Kahn will leave Washington after the manner of a general leaving the scorched earth he has helped engineer. But like Marcus Aurelius, he will return to his meditations, and the world will profit from them. □

HARRY BECK, HERO

New York, Oct. 6—The story one reads every two or three days is a burgeoning activity by the American Right devised to raise money for Republican candidates. Indeed this is going on, mostly by the device of Political Action Committees (PACs). It is a simple procedure: a committee is organized, a prominent Republican is induced to sign his name to a letter, a list of past donors is readied, out goes the letter, in flows the money. How much money? That depends on how hot the list, how persuasive the missive. The difference between the costs of the mailing and the proceeds, always assuming that difference is positive, is sent to the favorite candidate. Or, it is spent on behalf of that candidate without consulting him on how it is spent. In this way you stay clear of relevant laws limiting contributions by an individual.

Oh how the progressives have raged over this device, fussing and fuming that the Republicans will outspend the Democrats by tens of millions of dollars. Two developments are worth remarking. The first, that recent disclosures indicate that of the top ten senatorial recipients of the favors of PACs, no less than eight of them turn out to be Democrats. At this point one correctly pauses. Were the contributions entirely voluntary? It is one thing to receive a letter requesting a contribution to a political candidate, signed by a remote senatorial figure, causing you to write out a check or not write out a check, as you desire; something entirely different from receiving a communication (or a phone call; or a personal visit) from the man or woman who is responsible for hiring you or for advancing you. No doubt there are solicitations sent around among company executives which are coercive in character. But no one denies that the overwhelming nickel-and-dime support of a Republican candidate comes in without any duress of any sort. The same can hardly be said about the Left, and the stunning *Beck* decision is a historical landmark.

THERE are two heroes in the story, the first, Harry Beck, a telephone worker. The second, the National Right-to-Work Legal Defense Foundation, whose lawyers decided to give him support. I suppose the third hero is Judge Wilson K. Barnes, except that one should not compliment someone merely for doing his duty, which is all that Judge Barnes did. However, it sometimes requires courage to do one's duty, and Judge Barnes has it.

Back in June 1976, Harry Beck, joined by twenty other telephone workers, sued the Communications Workers of America, a union to which they were required to pay dues, for misappropriation of those dues for political purposes unrelated to union or workers' practices. The CWA brought in as its principal witness Willard Wirtz, who had served as Secretary of Labor for Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, as the expert on collective bargaining. How I wish that I could have been there.

Because Mr. Wirtz took the witness stand, with the air of why-are-these-scabs-wasting-my-time, and informed the judge that the union was perfectly within its rights to spend workers' money on "any legislation that affects the economic circumstances of the country." Any such legislation, he opined, is properly regarded as collective bargaining.

After Beck's attorney was through with Mr. Wirtz there was very little left of him, and nothing at all of his definition. He was forced finally to concede that anything he had "strong feelings" about constituted legitimate union activity. Such as?

WELL, the plaintiffs were able to show that the CWA had sent money to the Democratic Forum, the National Democratic Club, the Democratic Dinner Committee, the Democratic Telethon, the Democratic National Financial Committee. In 1975 and 1976, CWA bosses joined other union officials to form "a national coalition for the purpose of electing delegates to the Democratic National Convention . . . to influence the selection of the Democratic presidential nominee."

CWA boss Glenn Watts is a member of the National Democratic Campaign Committee, and he was on record as having boasted, "we in CWA have influence in every conceivable way that is all out of proportion to our numbers." In 1976, CWA bosses pledged "the mobilization of labor's full support of Jimmy Carter and Senator Walter F. Mondale . . ." Paid CWA lobbyists agitated for SALT II, the Panama Canal treaties, Carter's wage and insurance plan, minimum wages, National Health Insurance, OSHA, postcard voter registration, the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, repeal of 14b of the Taft-Hartley law—and so on.

Judge Barnes devoted himself to a careful examination of all the expenditures of the CWA over the relevant period, and last month announced his findings: 81 per cent of all the money spent by CWA taken in dues from its workers had been spent on—politics. He ordered that this money should be returned to those workers who asked for it, and that future dues to the Communications Workers of America should be reduced by 81 per cent.

Put down the Beck case as an important victory for civil rights. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An office-worker; one who pays fines to public libraries — 104 74 125 156 178 115 200 13 24 48

B. Next to — 117 180 83 2 67 29 102 165

C. What a tire dealer has to watch out for — 122 100 171 42 197 214 61 65 167 70 107

D. Announced in an official journal — 134 202 216 94 41 196 97 186

E. The Republican symbol — 163 40 205 184 199 215 18 73

F. German aviator, WWI (1892-1918) — 169 133 211 46 128 85 103 36 71 92

G. Clumsy, coarse, crude — 43 31 53 151 3 146 90 193

H. A scatterbrained person — 63 55 5 116 91 139

I. Three quarters — 16 19 22 172 50 64 78

J. The kind of art that an OPEC millionaire might buy — 68 62 112 121 135 138 208 44 119 175 11

K. What Carl Sandburg's works are a part of — 89 130 106 137 191 201 4 15 30 69 127

L. What some nurses do — 153 141 26 179 213

M. To think of seeing a printer's measure? — 185 142 28 154 124 160 84 162

N. A vessel for a sheriff's assistant? — 204 173 183 39 45 82 108 110 123 159

O. A crop grown on an isle near Naples? — 38 52 72 95 111 131 170 177 181

P. What the president of the Baltimore & Ohio might be called — 198 6 27 57 96 113 148 32

Q. Part of a billiards contest — 207 155 188 7 203 59

R. A member of the family + a female gentleman = an unwholesome condition — 1 157 98 182 33 140

S. A mammal found in Australia, Tasmania, and New Guinea — 21 76 166 34 150 8 194

T. A famous fictional detective = a member of a lodge in a town in Dallas County, Iowa — 101 49 54 168 189 129 147 161 58 86

U. Disencumbering — 158 9 206 192 37 126 93

V. Gambling concessions + certain football players = miscellaneous leftovers — 176 81 87 20 105 120 143 66 149 174 51

W. Any of several large suckers — 190 77 195 35 209 152 17 75 88 118 114

X. An epithet of Artemis — 210 145 23 132 14 60 12

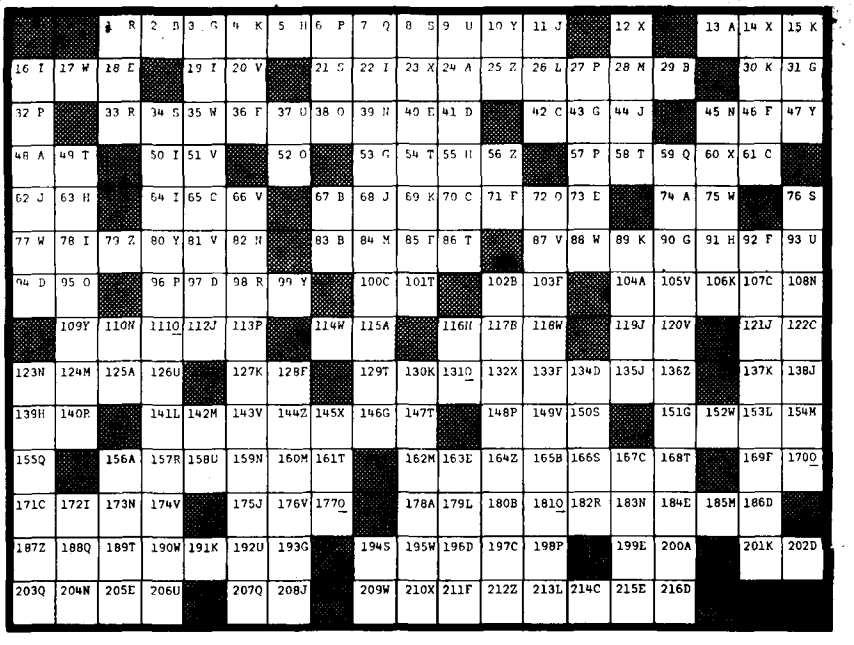
Y. To furnish with an income — 47 10 99 80 109

Z. To keep up — 56 212 144 25 79 187 164 136

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 1412 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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MILLIKEN CREATES THE IMAGE.

You may not think that a machine can be called an artist.

But we do. And we have proof.

The proof is called the Millitron.™ It injects dye into carpeting. And for the last 5 years, it's been producing a running line of up to 519 patterned carpets.

That number might not impress you. But the quality of the Millitron's art surely will. The patterns are clean and beautiful, with pinpoint definition.

No matter what fiber is being used.

And since the Millitron is computer-controlled, it can change from one pattern to another in a matter of seconds. So whichever pattern you order, you can be certain that it will be readily available.

The Millitron art exhibit is now on display. You can see it at your Milliken dealer. And remember, whatever image you want on your floors, Milliken will create it.

MILLIKEN
CARPETS
LaGrange, Georgia

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JETTA. 4 IN THE FRONT. 8 IN THE BACK.

Compare the relative merits of today's family cars, and you'll find that a trip to your relatives would be a lot nicer in a Volkswagen Jetta.

In the front, for example, there's room enough for a family of 4 to actually stretch out and enjoy the ride.

In back, there's a trunk big enough to handle 8 suitcases. (Something you don't even get with a Rolls-Royce.)

And under the hood, there's a CIS fuel-injected engine powerful enough to take you from 0 to 50 in just 9.2 seconds. As well as around any trucks, onto any highways and up any mountains you meet along the way.

What's more, even though Road & Track has said it "will embarrass a lot of cars costing a lot more" with its performance and handling, Jetta will never embarrass you at the gas pump.

It gets an EPA estimated 25 mpg, 40 mpg highway estimate. (Use "estimated mpg" for comparisons. Your mileage may vary with weather, speed and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)

And it gives you front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, all-independent suspension and classic European styling.

Impressed with Jetta's relative merits?

Your relatives will be, too.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

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